

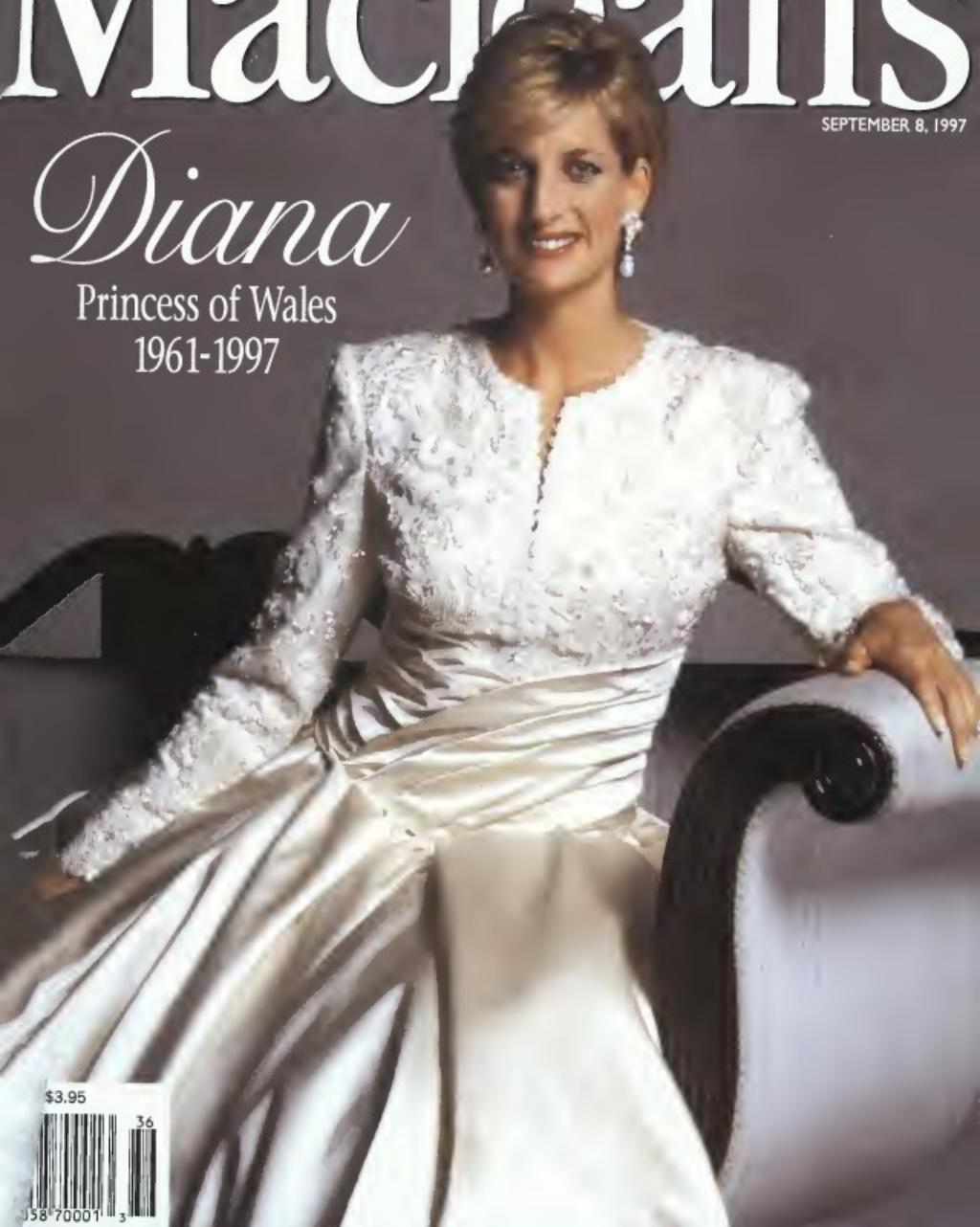
Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 8, 1997

Diana

Princess of Wales
1961-1997



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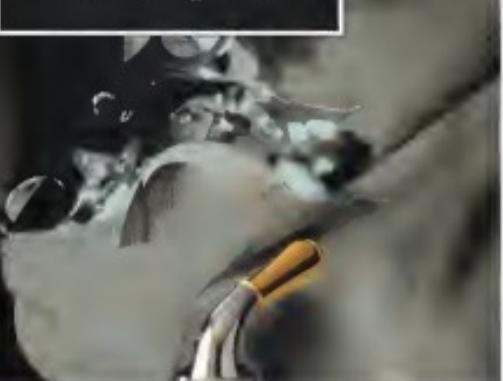
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

This Week

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Cover

28 The Princess of Wales

A horrific early-morning car crash in Paris has ended the life of Diana, Princess of Wales. An anger mounted over the paparazzi who hounded her—perhaps to her death—the world mourned a princess who leaves behind a legacy of controversy and compassion.

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56

SPECIAL REPORT Suddenly Sarah

For years, she was the child star of TV's *Round the Twist*. But now, Sarah Polley is emerging as an actress—and a writer—of complexity. Her latest endeavor is *Adam Eggman's Sweet Nostalgia*, which opens Toronto's film festival this week.



66 Weather warnings

A warning phenomenon in the Pacific known as El Niño could bring Canada a balmy winter—and cause climatic chaos in other parts of the world.

79

A golden harvest

The book industry is buoyant as thousands of titles—including Mordecai Richler's new novel—arrive in the fall publishing bonanza.



From The Editor

Unity takes centre court

Efter this summer, one of Canada's nine Supreme Court justices confided to a friend that it was unfortunate there had been so little public debate about the court's upcoming hearing on Quebec's right to declare itself independent—a hearing tentatively scheduled to start on Dec. 8. The judge said he had no world. In an inspiring worthy of Tolstoy, Graves and Quebec have been engaged in a war of opposing word processes. On one side stands Stephane Dion, the current federal minister of intergovernmental affairs, who is emerging as a one-man truth commission on independence movement. On the other is Bernard Landry, the articulate deputy premier of Quebec and super-advocate of separation. In a recent exchange of lengthy letters, both went into high gear exploring the conflicting outcomes that lead to their irreconcilable conclusions.

Landry: "We clearly affirm that our first choice is a negotiated resolution... If Canada rejects our unattached land, [Canada] wants to impose rules on us, holds as witness the federation against our will, then we will leave it by declaring sovereignty." Dion: "No government in Canada can consent to the recognition of a secession in advance, at the abstract, without leaving its concrete conditions. Without the support of the Canadian government, a declaration of independence by your government would not be recognized by the international community."

The detail of the dialectic resembles a Wimbledon final. Landry serves a single majority of only 52 per cent of Newfoundlanders was enough to enter Confederation. It would be "foolish" to say that is not enough to leave. Dion vouches it is harder to get a divorce than



Robert Lewis
is a senior
mid-millennium
with *Maclean's*.

to get married. The U.S. government is prepared to grant statehood to the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, but only if it agrees never to leave a union that proclaims itself officially "inseparable." Since Law-15 Landry serves again in 1993, Canada recognized the independent Slovakia, although the population was never consulted in a referendum. 15-Dion in 1975 France insisted on partitioning the island of Mayotte off the coast of Madagascar after it became independent because the residents wanted to stick with France. 25-30.

And as it goes, the match is probably to the union ahead when legislature and courts will ring with arguments about Canada's future. The debate has entered a new, more realistic period. For Quebecers, there can no longer be any doubt that the country is sovereign—if such they choose—perforce. International recognition without Ottawa's support is not guaranteed. Membership in NAFTA is not a slam dunk. Partition of territories within Quebec is a distinct possibility. By raising those issues, Dion has joined Paul Martin head of the national agenda. He has done so with Prime Minister Jean Chretien's open approval—probably to set the table in advance of this week's meeting in Calgary of new premiers who will seek to define their own strategy—and before the turnout from the Reform party assemble in Parliament on Sept. 22. Ottawa's strategy may even be an attempt to stir up public support for pool funds it will advance at the Supreme Court. Whatever it is, it is a lot less than their living at centre court.

Robert Lewis



Wallace: years in London

er and produce a 10-page package on Diana (page 28). Executive Editor Rob Liver and Senior Editor Peter Kropfheim assigned writers and reporters, while Art Director Nick Barnett and Photo Editor Peter Bragg examined hundreds of photos. To write the main story, Bruce Wallace drew on experiences during his four years as London bureau chief, which included several major articles on Diana and the Royal Family. Senior Writer Jon Chapple focused on

her extraordinary life and impact on society, and World Editor Bertan Woodward drew on reports from correspondents in Paris and London for a look at the role of the paparazzi that followed Diana right to the very end. In all, 20 staff members participated in a story that everyone would have preferred not to have to do. The previously scheduled cover story on actress Sarah Polley and the Toronto film festival runs at its original length (page 96).

Newsroom Notes:

Covering a tragedy

Minutes after the first reports of the car accident involving Diana, the Princess of Wales, on Saturday night in Paris, Managing Editor Geoffrey Stevens began calling staff members to organize coverage. With the official confirmation of her death, a team gathered at the office early Sunday morning to change the cov-



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The Mail



This Morning's Michael Enright, Avril Benoit, hosting

Radio daze

As a radio broadcaster who worked behind and around the microphone for 32 years, I now understand—and as a taxpayer—when I read about the new CBC Radio program *This Morning* (Studio revolution). Media, Sept. 30. I cannot imagine how any radio program could last just 1/32 to produce one show six or even seven days a week. That is considerably longer than the entire staff of many radio stations in this country—operating 24 hours a day, seven days a week. A staff of 10 or 12 would be extravagant; 30 is mind-boggling. If one has suddenly changed one's mind about the "senseless" cuts made to CBC broadcasting,

Dragon Jones
Kitchener, Ont.

Rich and poor

I was refreshingly to read the column by Bob Lang Campbell's CA proposal for the premiers, think tank! Sept. 21. We need this type of input in our public debate about what kind of Canada we desire for ourselves, and our children. He has outlined one of the major issues in our affluent country, and challenged our political leaders to exercise the power that face have to deal with homelessness. I hope the members of Parliament will act upon the modest proposal made by Campbell.

Alvin Foster
Toronto, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Cottage life

Charles Gordon's musings on cottage life ("Beauty traffic talk on the cottage ward," Another View, Aug. 26) struck a resounding chord in my family. We experienced the worst of Toronto-area traffic on a rainy afternoon in July—tedious and scary! At our cottage in Agincourt, we were subjected to big-city mentality brought to the countryside in the form of noisy people, six hours, past Sea Bass and the like. Does city life now breed open contempt for others? In voluntary seclusion of others in an archival concept? Someone's gone again, but at least spring and fall remain peaceful and sane...

Marta Maryland
Bramptonfield, Ont.

Western balance

I always enjoy reading Dr. Roth whether I agree with him or not. There is one point, though, that is a bit of a red herring. He states that the legal separation isn't put in place by "only" four provinces ("A rating of prime-ness," Alan Fotheringham, Aug. 18). For the past few decades we have had a government (now very liberal) that has represented only three of four provinces. In fact, right now the ruling dictators in Ottawa are only representing Ontario and a bit of New Brunswick. Balancing that with a strong voice from the West can only be good. Too bad if Toronto doesn't fit it.

Michael Crotty
Kamloops, B.C.

Nuclear option

Not long ago, I flew from Dhaka, Bangladesh, back to Canada, departing in the evening one day and arriving in the evening of the following day. As the plane left Dhaka, I saw only a few lights in the dark city of five million. When the plane approached North America, the East Coast was a blaze of light, intensely from Maine to Manitoba. It occurred to me to wonder what if the whole world used energy the way we do in North America? Conventional energy sources will be depleted in the next century. Wind and solar power are unreliable Band-Aid solutions. As France has concluded, nuclear power is the only realistic option. Despite the anti-nukes' hysterical lobby and Ontario Hydro's blunders ("We follow," Canada, Aug. 25), we must continue to use and perfect the use of atomic energy, even if it costs more than other attractive sources at this time. Shutting down nuclear reactors indefinitely will prevent the development of safe equipment and proper operating procedures. Moreover, concern about air pollution and global warming ought to be incentive enough to stay the nuclear course.

Edward Lefebvre,
Minister, Ont.

Having it both ways

Wrong! Peter C. Newman ("Planning the right to run the country," The Nation's Business, Aug. 25). Quebec can and does have it both ways, "French only" in Quebec, and bilingualism, by law, in other provinces.

Ray Power

Victoria, B.C.

Privacy protection

Whenever a provincial government proposes a single, multi-purpose identification card, public concerns over privacy are aroused ("The septopus society," Technopolis, Aug. 27). Canadians object to so much personal information being contained on a single card. Can a court challenge under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms restrict the use of business identification? Our privacy commissioners keep a good watch over new developments, but they cannot bring in legislation. The universities in particular must protect the members with new privacy laws, and Ottawa should take the lead.

Paul D'Amato
Richmond, Ont.



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WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS

THE MAIL

Progesterone use

I read with interest your recent article on anti-ageing hormones ("Forever young," Cover, July 10). I'm one of those forward-thinking doctors who made the move to the United States last year. One of the unforeseen side benefits of this move has been the ready availability of the hormones you discussed in your article. Like Dr. Barbara Fischer, I believe that the natural hormone approach to anti-aging and overall well-being is a new frontier in medicine. I use DHEA and melatonin to a limited extent in my family medicine practice, but for and away the most significant hormone in your article is progesterone. I urge any women reading this letter to get the book *What Your Doctor May Not Tell You About Menopause* by Dr. John Lee. You will come away with an entirely different view of hormone replacement and the solutions available for other hormonally related problems such as PMS, fibroids and irregular menses. After you've read the book, take it to your doctors and threaten to beat them severely about the face and neck unless they read it, too! And if they tell you progesterone is unsafe or ineffective, or that you make enough of your own, get yourself a new doctor, preferably a woman (preferably a woman who's unhappy with the weight gain, fluid retention, breast tenderness, galactorrhea, migraines, and risk of stroke and breast cancer) or otherwise inappropriate estrogen(s).

Dr. George Gillies,
Ontario, Ont.

'Best and brightest'

Charles Gordon rightly bemoans the poor compensation of the Canadian public service ("Why the Sciences report failed to shock," Another View, July 20), yet misses a root cause of the problem. I applaud his call for "an infusion of young people with idealism to renew our policies and our institutions." Unfortunately, His Excellency of Canada's best and brightest will have his call as long as private-sector compensation dwarfs public-sector pay by factors as high as 10:1. One need only point to the high-salary migration of Canadian doctors to the United States to understand the perhaps less visible-but equally disturbing-migration of potential public servants to the private sector. Reformers frequently follow up attacks on government inefficiency with calls for an end to politicians' and bureaucrats' "perks." But does it make sense to expect more from public servants, just as governments slash their salaries?

Paul Stohs,
Toronto

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- How do we differentiate from one law school to another?
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- What does the profession think about the quality of law schools and how do they rank them?

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Column



Barbara Amiel

Sweden's shameful eugenics policies

Last week, the Swedish newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* broke the story that some 60,000 Swedes, largely women, were forcibly sterilized between 1935 and 1970 under a program organized by the state-financed Institute for Racial Biology. The official grounds for sterilization included women who were at "ugly features," as well as criminals and those of "poor moral quality."

After the story broke, examples of involuntary sterilization policies surfaced in other countries including Austria, Switzerland and Belgium. It has been known for some time that forced sterilization occurred in Canada, where Alberta's 1930 Sexual Sterilization Act was repealed only in 1972, and the United States. But there is a crucial difference between such examples and Sweden. Apart from the numbers of people operated on being proportionately lower than in Sweden, all the other countries used sterilization mainly for what they considered morally defective citizens.

Sterilization for people judged in some way "defective" is hideous wherever it occurs, for whatever reason. Still, had as it is, a gale next to compulsory sterilization on men or ethnic groups. The two should not be混淆ed up—not because one is good and the other bad, but because one is bad and the other impossible.

It is easy to blame Sweden's deadly combination of doofie, compliant citizens and ignorant bureaucrats on the Social Democrats, who except for a few brief coalition governments have ruled the country since 1945. They are a large part of the problem, but eugenics has always attracted unlikely alliances of left and right elements.

The contempt that abhors the Swedish citizen, wrote Roland Hassig in his fascinating book *The New Totalitarians* (Simon and Schuster, 1975), is an extreme form of racism in all its forms, expressed in an untranslatable native word *loggler*. "It means both safety and security," writes Hassig. "It implies the absence of all things unpleasant and unacceptable, and always has a connotation of escape from danger or a frightened child running to his mother."

The collective memory of which Swedes has been born the free world's lesson and Canada the prime instance, values group rights over individual liberties and by definition the most selfish and unprincipled of societies. What citizens in such a society seek is security for themselves. They want the state to keep them safe from their neighbors—and just as important from predators, but also from their neighbors' opinions, ideas, dissident associations. If they owned one's own, their relatives' (if they place a burden on one's character), or fortunes (if they make an inheritance). They also expect the state to keep them safe from their neighbors' "debauches." (Even whatever the norm might be at any given time, including race,

health, wealth and IQ.) The ideal Swede also expects the state to keep her or him safe from nature, war, and the economic and spiritual consequences of assistance on full security.

What is on offer in exchange for all this cashing-in is your neighbor's rights and freedoms as well as your own. Offering up one's own freedom and rights to use them, gratis if it may be, but your neighbor's rights and freedoms are not for you to offer. It is all of a piece that Sweden, the cradle of the nanny state, is possibly the world's centre of moral relativity. One cannot blame Sweden for being the only Scandinavian country to remain neutral in the war against Hitler. It would have been foolish for it to declare war on the Third Reich. But it is a fair assumption that the reason Hitler didn't bother Sweden is that it was completely ineffective to him.

The parallel is not exact, but during the war the Swedes did tell Hitler what the Americans did. The Allies before Pearl Harbor. The Swedes told Hitler just about everything he wanted, from iron ore to fuel bearings, and favored the Axis powers. There were brave, valiant individual Swedes, such as Raoul Wallenberg, who performed heroic acts at great personal risk to themselves, and there are Jews and other potential Nazi victims who are still today only because the "safe" houses that the Swedish government provided in some European countries. But frankly I find those countries almost congenitally incapable of countering the horrors of Sweden's ethics.

During the Second World War, the Swedes never showed any little moral difference between the Third Reich and the Allies, just as in the Cold War Sweden saw little distinction between the tyranny of communism and the free West. Thus U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was quizzed in the 1970s on whether he felt it was an affront to have to deal with Swedish Prime Minister Olaf Palme's neutrality. "This posture of Swedish neutrality," he told a reporter, "would be carried out without the protection of the United States and the Western Alliance."

In its education policies, Sweden set out to homogenize any notion of individual rights. A senior education official was quoted in Hassig's book as saying, "It's useless to build up individuality, because unless people learn to adapt themselves to society they would be unable to live." Let me add, the Swedes give up freedom.

There are "Swedes" in many countries. For years there were feminists who called the science of eugenics in the name of gender rights. These days feminists have returned their approach and now they prefer to let women get pregnant and then abort the baby. One might be forgiven for thinking that attitude is, why sterilize when you can kill the whole thing? But that is another story. For the moment, we might consider the children who were never even conceived in the paradise on earth that our intellectuals tell us was Sweden.

It's useless to
build up
individuality.
Instead, we
talk about the
freedom to
give up freedom.

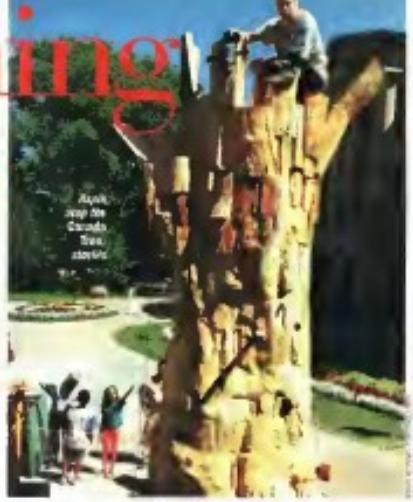
Opening Notes

Edited by BARBARA WITZENAS

Just call this guy 'Ace'

Finance Minister Paul Martin leads a charmed life. Sure he's on the job of balancing the country's checkbook, interest rates and the deficit have fallen. Now even his golf shots are dropping. Last week, playing the 18-hole eighth hole at Kingsway Golf Club on Luce Avenue, southwest of Montreal, Martin's iron from the ice left into the cup for a hole-in-one. There was no press release accounting to solo—club members Lyle Padby and Brian Gallyay witnessed the event. On a roll, Martin will take his lucky florition to the Bell Canadian Open, proven this weekend at Royal Montreal Golf Club, where the favorites are dubbed "Tiger" and "the Shark." The finance minister, who calls himself "an enthusiast, but busy golfer," did not offer any risk-taking statistics, but added, "Everything breaks just right for me," he said of the shot. Still, given Martin's responsiveness to advice and news, his golf explanation might clinch the right to a spotter monarch: "I do 'The Honorable'."

The enthusiastic golfer, "anything breaks just right"



A tree grows in Charlottetown

At first, Yves Aspin wanted to bring a Canadian together through their stories. And he had one in mind. But Aspin is doing just that. The sought-after Poet Laureate, P.E.I., is assembling a nine-month tree-themed calendar of wood that Canadians from every province and territory have donated. Since last June, the tree has attracted more than 25,000 visitors to his makeshift studio on the site of the Confederation Centre in Charlottetown, and thousands of wood are piling up to the hundreds. Some donations are several yards wide donated by an Alberta man who "can't bear to part with his grandfather's hands in the ground"—we're touching others, like

the wooden holiday carol (the precursor to the modern hollyhock) from the oldest singer in the Old Towne Hooker Inn in North Rustico, N.B. The project with Aspin, along with the tree, Aspin has achieved additional wood and appears in the Confederation Centre, where visitors can see everything from two-mill-year-old wood of larch from Elbowoods Island, M.W.T., to a four-century-old stone from Regina. Aspin, 28, will leave Prince Edward Island in October to complete the rest of the Museum of Civilization in Ottawa, then takes it on tour next summer. "It's just people talking to people," says Aspin. "This is one big collage among Canadians."

Clinton vacations in style

With a difference a year makes. Last summer, when he lived it like a recession, Bill Clinton's advisers forbade him from vacationing in his favorite spot—the wealthy, celebrity-studded island of Martha's Vineyard off the coast of Massachusetts. Instead, they sent him all the way to Wyoming to promote his image as a rugged outdoorsman. This year, however, the President, his wife, Hillary, and their daughter, Chelsea, are back in the Vineyard, partying with the likes of Ted Turner, Marcia Cross, and Sylvester Stall-

one, Carly Simon, Jimmy Buffett and a gaggle of Kennedy Clinton arrived on Aug. 17, celebrated his 51st birthday two days later, and spent his time golfing and reading books ranging from the weighty (*Autobiography of a Celebrated Chief*, Justice John Marshall) to the light (*White Palace*, a novel by broadcaster Jon Lefkow). The only controversy came when Clinton claimed a golf score of 79 (he's notorious of taking so-called "holes-in-one" or free shots). But the most remarkable thing about the presidential holiday is its length: three weeks. Clinton is not due back in Washington until Sept. 3, a mere sign that he has few pressing political problems.

Shock-jock Stern versus the CRTC

This week record in the United States is any indication, shock-jock Howard Stern could blare a few Canadian radio stations in trouble. His raunchy talk show, which is syndicated to 100 U.S. cities, is making its Canadian debut this week on CHOM FM, a Montreal station owned by Toronto-based CHUM Ltd. and Toronto's Q102. Since it was launched in 1986, *The Howard Stern Show* has run afoul of the U.S. Federal Communications Commission to the tune of \$2.78 million in fines for indecency and obscenity. New Stern, who is notorious for his bawdiness, banter and racist, sexist and homophobic commentary, faces a whole new set of rules under the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission. No regulations forbid "obscene content" that tends to "expose an individual or group" to hatred or contempt for such things as race, ethnic origin or religion. Leslie

Adel, a regional director with the government regulator in Montreal, says the CRTC will not censor Stern's show, but adds, "we expect that we'll hear about it."

Adel says the CRTC receives complaints when licenses are up for renewal. And that can result in a shorter renewal term for stations. But spokesperson for the two Canadian radio stations say they are expecting no problems with the New York City-based announcer's show. Adel, CHOM vice-president Lee Hirschstein, then says, "There's very little that I've heard that can would want to censor." Some listeners may think otherwise.

Shore: News for indecency and obscenity

Passages



Shatto: Post, publisher and scholar. *Shatto: 75,* of heart failure, at his home in Victoria, Shatto, a longtime professor of English and creative writing at the University of Victoria, published nearly 60 books, including 32 collections of his poetry, translations, memoirs, critical works and books on the occult. In 1987, he co-founded the *Marshall Review*, an international journal of arts and letters.

DHD: Entertainment executive. *Branson Rockwell*, 45, is a Los Angeles hospital, where he was undergoing chemotherapy for Hodgkin's disease. In the 1980s, Tarkett founded NBC, then the second-ranked American TV network, into first place by programming such dramas and comedies as *Hill Street Blues*, *Murder, Inc.* and *The Cosby Show*.

CONVICTED: East Germany's last Commandant, *Egon Krenz*, 50, who gave into public pressure to open the Berlin Wall; of four counts of manslaughter in the shooting deaths of people trying to flee to the West. Krenz, who was sentenced in a Berlin court to 6½ years in prison, was security chief when he succeeded Erich Honecker as Communist leader in October 1989. The wall fell on Nov. 9, 1989.

APPOINTED: Tampa-based magazine executive *Jacobs Warshaw*, 55, as chief executive officer of The Stationery Office, a private London-based company formerly part of Sir Michael's Stationery Office, which prints everything from Harrods to British passports. Warshaw, who was published by Michael from 1987 to 1993, and subsequently chairman of Maclean Hunter Publishing Limited, has been active in fighting U.S. demands that the Canadian government change its policies on the magazine industry.

IDENTIFIED: The week of the yacht of Canadian *Gerry Routh*, 43, who went missing on Jan. 7 while competing in a round-the-world race, by Routh's wife, *Michelle Carter* of Montreal, from aerial photographs sent by the Chilean navy. Routh has not been found, and the search has discontinued again in heavy weather off the coast of Chile.



(Photo on page 10—Courtesy of Brian Johnson)

The annotated Anne

*S*ince it was published in 1986, *Anne of Green Gables* has inspired an international best-seller. Now, editors *Wendy Berry*, *Margaret Anne Doody* and *Mary Doody Jones* have published the first annotated version, which draws on the journals of author Lucy Maud Montgomery, as well as the music and literature of the time.

A SUPREME DILEMMA

A judge's retirement raises the national unity stakes

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

She heard the one about the Newfoundland lawyer who wants to become a Supreme Court of Canada justice? Forget all responses involving carry-on briefs, attempts at humor, the proper answer is that the person in question should be a current reading of *The Rock*, a lawyer and jurist of unblemished character, bilingual and well-versed in all aspects of criminal and civil law. Finally, because a woman would be a distinct asset. Any one possessing those qualifications should immediately apply for the position. By doing so, she, or he, can make a decision-concise, tragic—but her own, certainly first of Prince Minister Jean Chretien, who suddenly and desperately seeks a candidate fitting those or similar specifications.

Of all the things, the federal government did not need heading into an already busy fall, the resignation of Supreme Court Justice Gérard La Forest last week would be high among them. An without other evidence that contradicts Chretien and his newly re-elected government, the reasons for dismay revolve around national unity. "It would make for a great horror movie parameter," argued a senior cabinet minister. "We started have mixed times you chose it away, it keeps coming back in new ways."

New Brunswick's justice and francophone La Forest, 71, stepped down for a combination of age and other personal considerations. His decision, delayed by difficulties in selling his Ottawa house in a the real estate market, had been expected. That many people in the legal community thought he would stay on at least until the federal government's Supreme Court Challenge to Quebec's self-determination right to unilaterally declare independence could be seen. Although La Forest was well regarded, his departure, would not normally evoke such concern; generic ministers traditionally consider the chance to appoint a new Supreme Court judge as one of their few opportunities to put a long-lasting stamp on the country's highest legal body.

But the upcoming Quebec case—the court last week tentatively agreed to sit next Dec. 8 to 10 to hear arguments on either side—has given new urgency to the search for a successor. The new Justice, who should, in order to meet a complex combination of professional, traditional and regional criteria, come from one of the four Atlantic provinces, will play a key role in the politically fraught decision. The ideal choice would come from Newfoundland, although legal experts say the government could also initially proceed with a nominee from Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Because of the need to proceed on a long backlog of cases, a nomination will likely come as early as this month.

And those worries, other factors have helped to push the issue to



La Forest, other factors have also pushed the Quebec issue to national unity stage

the national centre stage. Among others the ongoing drama over a Toronto psychiatrist's harsh analysis of Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard, a bitter exchange of letters between Quebec's departing premier, Bernard Landry, and federal Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Stephane Dion, and an upcoming special meeting of the premiers. That means that the political agenda, including the opening on Sept. 22 of what is likely to be the last Parliament of this millennium, will again be dominated by sharp disagreements over the country's future.

Take the premiers' meeting on Sept. 24 and 25. Take it anywhere, in fact, that is far removed from the cynical Chretien and his ministers, who probably would prefer it not take place at all. The nine English-Canadian

and pretenders—Bouchard refuses to attend—are meeting in Calgary to discuss ways of "rebalancing the federation" that would better satisfy Quebec—and themselves. Officially the federal government welcomes the idea. "Anything that shows Quebecers and other Canadians the possibility of effective reform is a good thing," Finance Minister Paul Martin told *Macleans* in an interview.

But Chretien's advisers are annoyed that the federal government is not invited, and consider that most of the potential consequences of the premiers' effort will be negative. On the one hand, said a Chretien adviser, "Nothing can [in fact] agree on things. It just one more argument for the sovereigntists to argue on the impossibility of reform." On the other hand, the adviser added, "Even if they do agree on a process of reform, it might involve so much devolution of federal powers to the provinces that it would be impossible for us to agree. And then if we refuse, it still strengthens the sovereigntist hand."

Not everyone is so negative. The Reform party, despite its continuing insistence that no more west and east are equal to Quebec's constitutional demands, is leaning the province's坐姿。 "The key to making everyone happy is to ensure that all powers offered to any one province are offered to all other provinces," said Reform MP Robert Jaffer, one of the party's team of constitutional critics. "Not every province wants every power, but each should have the choice to go to them. And if the premiers are conducting discussions that leads, we are all for it." Similarly, Progressive Conservative Leader Jean Chretien also praised the premiers' effort, although for different reasons. "The best way to win another Quebec referendum," Chretien told *Macleans*, "is to not have one. If the premiers can demonstrate before any other Quebec electing that federalism is renewable that will help get the PQ defeated—and save all that trouble."

The Liberals, after adopting a more conciliatory attitude towards the Parti Québécois government in the period following the October 1995 referendum, are on a tilting-sharp line. Part of the reason is frustration that their previous efforts have little fruit at the polls despite a poor campaign by the Bloc Québécois, the Liberals won a mere 20 seats in the province in the June election, only seven more than the 20 they took in 1993. But at the same time, they saw before that the PQ, with its own popularity problems as a result of deep spending cuts, may be vulnerable as well. A Group Leger & Leger poll released late last week showed that support for sovereignty had dropped to 48.4 per cent, compared with 54.6 for the No side—the highest level since well before the 1995 referendum. Hope to see the results were in large part due to enthusiasm with the PQ government. A Liberal source stated this comes as a shock in the rest of Canada, and helps the Liberals in their efforts to undercut the popularity of Reform, which will be increasingly prominent in its new role as Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition.

There are also shortages of examples of the Liberals' "exceptionally sensible attitude." They should little remorse over the recent revelation that Toronto MP John Godfrey asked psychiatrist Dr. Yvan Blakely to compile an analysis of Bouchard. Godfrey passed on the unflattering report to his attorney, although Chretien claimed he never saw it. An irate Bouchard is said to have written a "flowchart," and editorial reaction to the profligate French-language media was unanimously condemnatory. But Chretien, during a visit to Vancouver last week, struggled off the experience of the report by saying he was subjected to similar analyses of his character after he was labelled a protester as early 1996. Other senior Liberals also downplayed the incident, insisting it would quickly blow over.



Bouchard: taking a controversial psychiatric report a "few steps"

and by the end of last week, that appeared to have happened.

Another sign of a hardened stance on Quebec has come from Human Resources Minister Pierre Prud'homme, normally regarded as a dove on federal-provincial relations. In August, he rejected Quebec's demands for more federal money and control of pension and maternity benefits in the province. And last week, Dion, for the second time, warned the PQ in an open letter that any attempt at Quebec secession could only take place through the establishment of mutually agreed-upon rules. That letter came as a response to Quebec's Landry, who had written an angry reply to an earlier, similar one from Dion to Bouchard. "We conclude," Dion wrote Landry in a five-page letter, "that it would be absurd if it were more difficult to leave Canada than to enter it. It is in no way absurd."

The province's independence, though it would quickly blow over,

CANADA

If Quebec voted on a clear, unambiguous question—one on which both referendums and secession agreed. In addition, he said, the new nation of Quebec could only be formally recognized internationally if Canada did so first. Even then, Dion observed, there are no guarantees that Quebec's present borders would be maintained. "It may be that at the difficult circumstances of negotiating secession, an agreement on modifying borders would become the least unfavorable solution," Dion wrote. "But it follows that much must be ensured that such things can happen."

The letter was followed by another open letter from Fernand Chalifoux, the grand chief of the Native Alliance of Quebec, who insisted that natives have a veto right over any attempt to take their territories in the province out of Canada. Predictably, Dion's letter was criticized by Quebecers—but widely praised outside the province. "This is the kind of message we have been looking for," said Reform's Jeffier And Christee, suggesting that the exchange of letters had "set a lot of people in Quebec to stay and think" about the potentially negative consequences of sovereignty.

With the Supreme Court now tentatively scheduled to deal with the legal issues surrounding Quebec separation in early December, the stage is set for another full of jostling between Quebec and the rest of Canada—and between federalists who cannot agree on how to deal with Quebec. The court will be asked to rule on three issues: whether the province can unilaterally declare its sovereignty under Clarington law; whether it has the right to do so under international law—and, if domestic and international law are at odds, which one takes precedence.

The re-thrown focus on sovereignty in both English and French for the Canadian government. On the negative side, the debate is likely to sidetrack increases from several initiatives the government has planned for that autumn. But it will also diagnose the fact that Ottawa's agenda for the coming months appears thin. Part of the Prime Minister's fall will be spent on a series of international events, including separate meetings of francophone and Commonwealth countries, a gathering of members of APEC—(which includes Economic Cooperation)—in Vancouver in late November, and the planned signing in December of a landmark declaration, banning the use of land mines, that was initiated by Canada.

As for the rest, the speech from the throne, to be delivered by Gov. Gen. Romeo LeBlanc on Sept. 23, will lay out the priorities for the Liberal second mandate—and it will be devoted more to maintaining the status quo than to establishing new programs. Among the likely highlights, the Liberals will promise to:

- devote half of future budget surpluses to increased spending on social programs, and half to debt-reduction payments;
- maintain present levels of federal transfers to the provinces for health care;
- tap up \$800 million on child poverty, and eventually double that amount;

Despite that relatively modest list, the Liberals insist they are turning an important corner. For the first time since coming to power, said Martin, "we are talking about a post-conflict world where we will be able to focus on cutting and more on what to do with new resources." That improving fiscal picture should be good news for all Canadians. But as the buckling over unity once again demonstrates, not even the prospect of more money can buy a nation's fragrance. □



Chrétiens a hardened stance on Quebec

A phone call that changes everything

SOMETIMES in the next few weeks, a judge or lawyer in the Atlantic provinces will get a phone call that will forever change his—or her—life, and perhaps even the destiny of the nation. The caller will be Prime Minister Jean Chrétien with the offer of an appointment to the Supreme Court of Canada as the successor to retiring Justice Gérard La Forest. The invitation and the acceptance will be a formality, because prime ministers dislike being turned down, and will already have obtained the candidate's agreement to serve. (Judicial law is iron in stones about candidates who agreed to serve and then never got called.)

To replace La Forest, a native of New Brunswick, Chrétien could pick any judge or lawyer in the country who has been a member of the bar for at least 10 years. But one of the Supreme Court's nine judges has always been from the Atlantic provinces, and the Prime Minister is unlikely to break with that tradition, which essentially guarantees the West two judgeships and Ontario three. Quebec is entitled to three by law.

However, says University of Ottawa law professor Ed Radway, who served as an advisor on judicial appointments to three successive justicemasters in the 1970s, "I don't think they'll necessarily go for a New Brunswicker. They'll do a quick scan of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island and if there's no one there, they'll probably go to Nova Scotia." No, added Radway, would Chrétien feel bound to choose a francophone—"Léger à la pique" is kind of a low-level requirement and besides, most of the recent appointees have been willing to undergo language immersion." In Ottawa's view, some legal sources said, the most important challenge is the court's trial to decide whether Quebec has the unilateral right to declare its sovereignty status—a to find someone with the 73-year-old La Forest's gravitas of constitutional law. Others say La Forest's resignation gives Chrétien an opportunity to add a woman to a court that now has only two.

There is no shortage of proposed nominees, both male and female. Marilyn Pollockson, dean of York University's Diploma Hall Law School, said Constance Glabe, chief justice of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court trial division, "is a very effective jurist and has been the leader of the Nova Scotia legal community." The Prime Minister, she added, "would do well to consider the scholarship with which she approaches the most difficult legal issues." Dear Deen A. Russell of the Dalhousie University faculty of law in Halifax said Justice Rosalie Pugsley of the Nova Scotia Court of Appeal had been "one of the leading trial lawyers in Eastern Canada" before going to the bench. Her choices among women candidates, Nova Scotia appellate judges Nancy Balanian and Elizabeth Rossie, 11 St. John's, judges Derek Green and Leo Bell of the Newfoundland Supreme Court trial division and Justice Margaret Cameron of the provincial Court of Appeal were highly regarded.

Anne La Forest, one of the most senior judges in New Brunswick, said the selection should be made not on the basis of gender or language but of quality. "Some say that because of the referendum case it should really be in francophone," she said. "But you don't choose a judge for the next 25 years based on one case."

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Champing at the bit

Rookie MPs want to make their mark on the Hill

Strolling down a corridor in Ottawa, Conservative MP Scott Brison is everything one might expect from a newly elected member of Parliament: astute, confident, optimistic—and so very earnest. The 36-year-old Nova Scotian has been slipping in and out of the capital all summer, preparing for the Sept. 22 opening of Parliament. His West Block office is small and out of the way—typical of those given to rookies—but his seat is of little consequence in Ottawa, where more worried about his ability to stand out on Parliament Hill. Out of 99 newcomers in the 301-seat House of Commons, he knows that to get noticed, he has to quickly learn the rules—both written and unwritten. “It’s vital,” says Brison, “that I get a quick grasp of things.”

From finding out where the cafeterias are, to ordering supplies or taking a book out of the library—not to mention mastering the legislative process—learning it all is an arduous task. “You don’t have to be taken by the hand,” says Liberal Joe Longfield, newly elected in the Ontario riding of Whitby/Ajax, although the considerably amount of work goes on. Longfield, Brison and other newcomers have no shortage of advice. The first of two official orientation sessions was held in June and covered matters of office administration and the wide array of services available to MPs. Next will be a look at the procedures of both the House and committees and the conduct of parliamentary business. Queen’s University is even holding a symposium on Sept. 8 that will include a series of lectures for new MPs by former politicians and journalists.

With the parties now having official sit in the House, the coming season promises to be bumpy—if not chaotic. That’s why all parties, including the governing Liberals, are holding closed-door meetings for newcomers. In the 1993 election, Reform was 52 seats but had only one voter—Alberta MP Deborah Grey, the party’s deputy leader, who first won her seat in a 1989 by-election. House Leader Randy White acknowledges that the party’s lack of experience hurt them during the last Parliament. “If we’d known then what we know

now, we would have come out at a much faster pace,” he says. This time around, Reform has an supplementary session to advise the party’s 30 rookies. While, for one, will be holding a number of Reform orientation meetings in Ottawa this week,



Brison: It's vital that I get a quick grasp of things"

peeled to white is Jason Kenney, a former high-fiving head of the Canadian Taxpayers Association who is adept at handling the media. Reform is also putting its focus on a group of MPs who, as visible minorities, may increase the party’s profile, especially within the multicultural constituencies of Ontario—where Reform still hopes for a by-election. Now though, more mundane concerns predominate. Manitoba MP Tony Mark, a Chinese-Canadian, jokes that his new office is a lot nicer than the one he had during his previous job, major of Dauphin. But he is disappointed with the \$175,000 additional budget promised to MPs—for both their parliamentary and constituency offices—because the cost of staff has been enormous.

“It simply does not go far enough,” he claims. Checking at the sites of a few formerinking for more public money, he adds. “It is so much more expensive than it should be.”

The New Democrats, with a caucus of 23, seem to have the fewest worries. Some of their 16 new MPs here are actually former MPs who have returned to Ottawa after stints in private life. Observers say that, apart from Leader Alexa McDonough, the rookie to watch is Judy Wasylycia-Leis, a former provincial cabinet minister from Manitoba. As health critic, she has to face the government hard over cuts, but admits she doesn’t quite know what to expect in the House. “Nothing can prepare me for what it will really be like,” she says.

Among the Blue Quebecois’ 44-strong caucus—down 10 from the 54 members they had after the 1993 election—are one new MP. There, the young ones will be struggling for a profile now that the Bloc has lost its official Opposition status. But the newly elected members will perhaps the toughest job: an backbench liberalism. Like other newcomers, new government MPs are absolute and eager to be part of the process. But they will be relied on by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to be unquestioning supporters of government initiatives, with a much narrower mandate than that time—125 MPs—Chrétien is expected to田野 his individualism.

Longfield, for one, questions the notion that government members need simply do what they are told. “I am my own person and I don’t feel like I have to crad softy,” she declares. “And I won’t.” Brison also wants to make his mark. But he believes a lighthearted approach may sometimes be appropriate. “You’ve got to have some fun,” he says, “because that is such a daunting task.” And one where experience will likely be the best teacher.

LUCIE FISHER in Ottawa

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A season of deaths

Tragedy plagues a resource-rich Alberta reserve

If money could buy happiness, and if dollar surroundings soothe the soul, then the 2,300 members of Stoney, Chiniki and Bearspaw bands living on the Stoney Indian reserve should be among the most contented people in Canada. Aside from the spectacular beauty of their land at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, 60 km west of Calgary, the 440-square-kilometre reserve is rich in mineral resources that this year will pump \$12 million into its total budget of \$50 million. Yet 60 per cent of the population is on social assistance, and the reserve struggles with the same depressing cycles of unemployment, alcohol abuse and violence that afflict many native communities across Canada. What makes Stoney exceptional this summer is that, since June, its residents have gathered six times to bury young members of their community.

Of the three men and three women, from ages 19 to 28, who lost their lives, one was murdered, one committed suicide, one died in hospital and the three others died in car mishaps—and alcohol was a factor in every case. All six have been eulogized as good people who left behind a troubled life. On the record, many residents say the deceased were victims of a social malaise encouraged by their leaders' mismanagement of the resource in come, which reached so much as \$20 million a year at its peak in the 1970s. Change is all but impossible; these critics maintain, under a political system that rewards supporters of the chiefs with better housing and services and punishes their critics.

Although the Alberta government has rejected a provincial judge's call for a judicial review of alleged corruption in the reserve leadership, the federal Indian affairs department is arranging for a forensic audit of the reserve books. It will also work with the reserve on a joint task force examining social conditions. Former chief Frank Kapusta, 72, says an investigation should have been done "long ago." But few other residents are willing to go public with their concerns. "If people have evidence of wrongdoing," says Fred John, acting re-

gional director of Indian Affairs in Alberta, "they should give it to the RCMP and it will be investigated." "What's the point?" counters a 21-year-old band member who asked not to be named. "If you make waves your life becomes even worse."

Wendy band elder Joe Brown blames the reserve's misery squarely on the easy resource money that in boom times put as much as \$500 a month into individual band members' pockets. Reserve residents still receive \$80 each month in gas revenue. "We lived a happier, simpler life," says the self-



Families of Stoney reserve residents Roland Fox: 'This is a community that is suffering terribly'

spoken 75-year-old Brown. "The problem is that young people now just want for their cheapie and go buy house."

Over the years, Stoney tribal councils have tried to develop a self-sustaining economy only stretching the Trans-Canada Highway along the band's two-and-a-half-hour drive between Calgary and Banff National Park. The reserve has concentrated on the tourist industry. It operates a 50-room hotel and conference centre, a roadside restaurant and craft store, and a small craft mall. Its own social programs include a health centre and drug and alcohol counselling.

Still, while not managing to escape the cycle of unemployment and welfare dependency, the Stoney reserve has run up a \$46-million budget deficit. Moving to address its problems last June, the tribal council

brought Rock Butler, former city administrator of Rockwood, B.C., to help sort out the financial mess and put in place proper management controls. Last week, the tribal council approved a new budget aimed at eliminating its deficit through a series of moves that includes cutting back on travel by reserve officials, changing down on overtime, cutting the use of outside consultants and closing a band office in Calgary. "It's a first step," says Butler. "We have a plan and now we have to get there." But even if the reserve balances its budget, questions will linger as to how the Stoney got into such a state of economic and social turmoil.

The strongest allegations of corruption have come from off the reserve. In June, just as the spate of deaths was starting, Alberta provincial court Judge John Reilly elected the Alberta justice department to investigate a situation he deemed to be "a dictatorship of a banana republic." Postponing sentencing of a band member convicted of assault-



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CANADA *LETTER FROM*
MIRABEL, QUE.

White elephant

At 11 o'clock on a weekday morning, Mirabel feels more like a deserted shopping mall than an international airport. The airline counters are closed and the public address system is quiet—most international flights begin arriving and departing only in the afternoon. That is about to change—for the worse. As of Sept. 15, the woefully underused airport 50 km northwest of Montréal will lose all its regularly scheduled international flights, leaving only cargo shipments and charters. Despite Mirabel's bleak future, it's easy to see why many employees enjoy working there. Sunlight pours into the pristine building through glass walls. Brightly colored banners hang from the ceilings, giving the airport an almost festive feel. When the \$1.6-billion airport opened in 1975, passenger agent Line Léonard volunteered to work there. Now, sitting at the Air Canada counter, Léonard laments: "We were told that this was the airport of the future."

Mirabel-Montréal International Airport has never fulfilled that promise. In fact, some observers believe that consolidating the vast majority of Quebec's international flights at Dorval Airport—a 20-minute drive from downtown Montréal—will prove to be the death knell for Mirabel. A \$55 cab ride from the city's core, Mirabel is surrounded by fields with grain silos. Mirabel has affectionately been dubbed "the cow pasture" by employees. In truth, it has never shaken its belief

known label of "white elephant." Built to serve 20-million passengers a year after a meagre land expropriation battle, Mirabel handled only 2.5 million travellers last year, compared with the 6.5 million who used Dorval for domestic flights and cross-border trips to the United States. "What hurt Mirabel is that they never closed Dorval," says Jacques Kavoussi, a transportation spokesman with Transcanada Pipeline Corp. Furthermore, a direct competitor to the out-of-service airport was never completed. To put it bluntly, Kavoussi says, it was a "washed-out job."

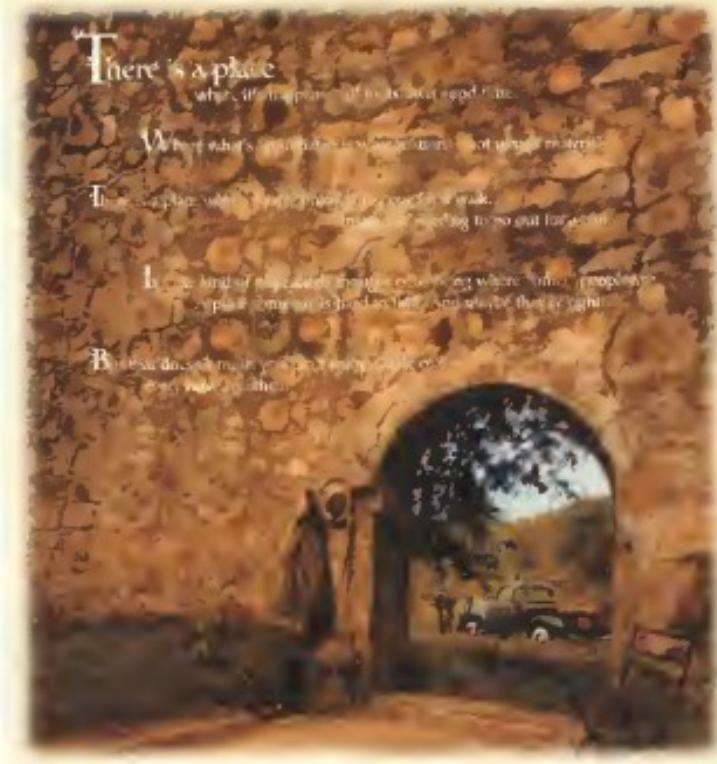
When announced last year that commercial air traffic would be consolidated at Dorval, Aéroports de Montréal, the city's airport authority, said the move would bolster Mirabel as a transfer point for passengers. But that dubious goal, people like Renée Laliberté, whose life was turned upside down by the building of Mirabel, has been dashed. Laliberté, whose life was turned upside down by the building of Mirabel. In 2000, the federal government began expropriating 380 square kilometers—an area equivalent to almost three-quarters the size of the Island of Montréal. About 8,000 road residents were affected—many were forced to leave their homes on land they had once owned. Others, like Laliberté, had to move and became embroiled in Mirabel's lengthy land disputes. In the end, less than half of the expropriated territory was used.

After losing his dairy farm in Ste-Scholastique in 1970, Laliberté, now 64, moved his family to a smaller farm in nearby Bellegarde. He eventually agreed to a \$100,000 out-of-court settlement with the federal government. Now, standing near his redbrick barnsow in cow's manure, in a nearby slope, his eyes well with tears as he recalls those years that his sadness is quickly replaced by a dash of anger—after all the barns, the airport wreaked on their lives, Laliberté and other farmers who had their land expropriated want Mirabel to survive. He complains that his land was sacrificed to "save Mirabel" from soured politics, and that the Pélages are returning there to save the city's economy. "They're doing a far worse job," Laliberté says. "One day or another they'll have to return to Mirabel."

Laliberté's thinking is balanced by a consultant's report prepared last year for the airport authority. It estimates that Dorval will reach its capacity by 2005 at the latest—and that some flights will then have to be transferred back to Mirabel. But Néral Pigeon-Gagné, the airport authority's chairman, maintains that the present demand is sound. And despite the fact that 50 per cent of Mirabel's original traffic has been moved to Dorval, Pigeon-Gagné insists Mirabel has a future in the burgeoning cargo business. "We hope to become a gateway between Europe and America because of Mirabel's ex-bordership facilities," Pigeon-Gagné says. But here's where things are kind of a dead international gateway. Mirabel is destined to grow bigger still. The airport authority's decision will mean 21 fewer daily flights. Local officials, meanwhile, fear about the economic impact on their region. Sitting in the airport's food court, Hubert Mercier, the mayor of the nearby city of

Mirabel, predicts that more than 1,000 jobs will be lost in the area as a result of scaling back flights to Mirabel. He buttresses the decision, saying it was given to "please big investors" and hurt two generations of people—those who endorsed the expropriations, and their children, who benefited economically from the airport and could now lose their means of making a living. "It's a good example of savage capitalism," says Mercier bitterly. That anger is shared by other Mirabel supporters who cannot understand why the report of the future never got off the ground.

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ACCUSING A JUDGE

Quebec Superior Court Justice Robert Ruff appeared in court to face charges that he concealed \$1.7 million in drug money through Swiss banks from 1988 to 1989. The charges, which date back to when Ruff was still a lawyer, are thought to be the most serious ever levelled against a Canadian judge. The Mulroney government appointed Ruff to the bench in 1990.

SKINHEADS AND GYPSIES

About two dozen neo-Nazi skinheads shouting "Out, Gypsies, out!" marched across a suburban Toronto road occupied by Gypsy refugee elements from the Czech Republic. One skinhead carried a placard that read "Horn! If you hate Gypsies." The Canadian Jewish Congress deplored the incident. About 200 Gypsies arrived in Toronto after a report Czech television documentary depicted Canada as a haven.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

The grand opening of Ontario's first private jet, a boot camp for young offenders, was spoiled by the escape of two inmates. The 18-year-olds were separated after a 12-hour search. In another disturbance at the institution, called Camp Tamarack, two other inmates assassinated a guard. Critics dubbed the jet "Camp Swat."

TESTING FOR PCBs

Health Canada says it will take samples of blood, hair and, in some cases, breast milk from 200 natives in Alberta's Stenn Hills area. The samples will be tested for dioxins, furans and PCBs. The region is home to the Bow River toxic-waste disposal plant, which has been plagued by leaks and a recent explosion. Tests have shown that wildlife has been contaminated.

A COLONEL REASSIGNED

Canadian Forces Col. René Verner, whose mysterious disappearance for two weeks in June has yet to be publicly explained, was reassigned. Verner had been the director of semi-control verification at national defence headquarters when he vanished. He later was found, disoriented, in the Rideau River near Ottawa. Verner will now oversee the downsizing of the foreign liaison officers corps.

Toxic headache

Two results released by the Ontario environmental ministry last week confirmed what many Hamilton residents already feared: The ministry avanzed that the charred wreckage of the *Plastex* plastic-recycling warehouse, caused by a fire that burned for four days in July, will take longer to clean up than the 30 days originally forecast. According to the study of soil, water and rubble, the site contains 66 times more lead dust than is permitted by ministry guidelines, and 66 times more potassium lead. "I would say it's a seriously contaminated site," said ministry spokesman Hardy Wong at a news conference.

Despite the high level of contamination—dioxins are powerful carcinogens and lead can damage the nervous system—Wong insisted that nearby residents are safe. The houses, he said, have been contained, in part by regular hosing with water to stop the spread of particles that earlier in the week, the environmental group Greenpeace issued its own contamination report with similar findings, calling the site "probably the most toxic in Canada."

Provincial Liberal Leader Dalton McGuinty meanwhile, demanded a public inquiry into health risks posed by the fire—and many concerned Hamilton residents. "We got four calls," McGuinty said. "If I was driving across the road and I heard we have 66 times the allowable levels of dioxins in there, that we have 66 times the allowable levels of lead, I wouldn't believe the government when they told me this thing is not dangerous." A report last month by the Ontario Fire Marshal's office warned that lax enforcement of fire-safety standards across the province means another similar blaze is possible. Last fall, *Plastex* was found to have violated 29 provisions of the fire code. When fire struck in July, a sprinkler system had yet to be installed.

FISHERIES

Ocean showdown

Cannons aboard about 80 B.C. trawlers staged a rock salmon-fishing protest off Vancouver Island to demonstrate against federal regulations that limit where they can fish. Federal officials wearing bulletproof vests bore arms, some bats, but made no arrests because the fishing fleet had no boats. Traders say they cannot meet their quotas because federal licensing practices strictly limit where a boat can drop its lines—regulations that Ottawa says prevent overfishing by keeping boats from going to where the fish are. Last week's showdown raised an escalation in the ongoing battle for a share of the \$400-million salmon industry. Some B.C. fishermen also staged recent protests against native-fish rights. "Protestors will get no change whatever," vowed Fisheries Minister David Anderson. But the fishery department officials promised to find a way for the trawlers to fill their quotas.

Exposing museum fakes

A donated collection of 790 African artifacts at the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John is little more than "trash." That is the opinion of Belgian consultant Marc Feliu, commissioned by the institution to assess the collection. Feliu's internal report, which was leaked to reporters last week, described much of the collection as "disgusting," "rotten garbage" and "soiled." Almost one-third of the sculptures and masks are utter fakes. "They are not even copies of types of figures and masks that exist," Feliu reported. Half of the artifacts are exceptionally poor copies of existing works, he added, while only 20 per cent are authentic.

This is the second time the provincial museum has been embarrassed by fakes. In 1988, David Campbell, a well-known Toronto art dealer, donated 120 Fabergé art pieces to the museum, including several jewelled eggs. In 1994, a European expert discovered that only six of the items were authentic. Campbell also donated about 400 of the African pieces at the centre of the latest controversy. Jacques Germant, a Montreal dealer in African art, said the New Brunswick Museum should have had the pieces appraised before it decided to accept them. Such gaffes, Germant maintains, only serve to give Canadian museums a bad name. "Why do we not have a good reputation around the world?" Germant said.





Diana

Princess of Wales: 1961-1997

COVER

BY BRUCE WALLACE

They kept trying to take her picture even after the car stopped crashing off the concrete wall, even as she lay dying in the back of its shattered chassis. She was their prey. So the photographers snapped away. The lights from their cameras flared in the tomb of a tunnel that opened along the right bank of the Seine River in Paris—capturing on film the mayhem of crushed metal and broken bodies in the Mercedes 800. The driver was dead. A body guard lay gravely injured behind the splintered front of an air bag and the points of the car's front grill. But the celebrity they were after was trapped in what had been the backseat. Her companion already dead beside her in the wreckage, Diana, Princess of Wales, 34 years old, a mother of two sons, was unconscious, her chest and lungs crushed. No doctor would be able to save her from the tear in her left pulmonary artery or the heart seizure that would follow. And still amidst the trauma and the broken glass and the eerie silences of the car's horn in the tunnel, the photographers kept snapping their pictures.

The shocking accident in the early minutes of a Paris Sunday morning brought an end to one of the most talked-about loves of the century. Fairy-tale princess and teenage divorcee, inborn pale beauty and social do-gooder, media icon and manipulator, caring mother and confused adulteress, savior and later scourge of the monarchy—Diana was all that and more and the public could not get enough of her (page 38). Her death was stunning on several levels. It was sudden. It was violent. It sent those she had touched through her charity work into heartbroken mourning, and suddenly millions more who had never met her but who had followed her troubles—and sometimes good fortune—like with the infatuity that readers of *Entertainment Weekly* affords.

Within hours of her death, thousands of people arrived at her Kensington Palace home in west London to lay flowers, teddy bears and messages of sympathy in its gold-fringed gates. "Clearly devastated," was British Prime Minister Tony Blair's description of his feeling and those of Britain. "They bleed here. They love her. They regarded her as one of the people," said Blair, choking back tears. "She was the people's princess and that's how she will remain." In Canada, Prime Minister Jean Chretien echoed those sentiments, saying Diana had captured "the imagination of the people around the world, and in the past few years she had devoted a lot of her time and energy for the causes that affected the weakest in society."

But Diana's death was also linked to the culture of celebrity, that late-20th-century infatuation with the lives of the rich and famous that she represented better than anyone else in the world. The fascination that had surrounded Diana from the moment she

became engaged to Charles, the Prince of Wales, in 1981, was not only present at the end, but may have actually contributed to her death. She did not die in some champagne-soaked plunge off a Côte d'Azur cliff. The crash that killed her came to her as she flattered paparazzi who were reportedly chasing her through central Paris on motorcycles. They were in search of yet more pictures of Diana with Dodi Al Fayed, the wealthy film producer whose early stages lost after the princess had proved so much curiosity. Whether the car carrying the couple was forced to swerve to avoid the mad motorcycle was not immediately known, but French police detained seven photographers at the scene for questioning.

"I always believed that the press would kill her in the end," said Diana's brother, Earl Charles Spencer, reading a statement to reporters outside the gates of his Cape Town home. "Not even I could imagine that they would take such a direct hand in her death as seems to be the case." As compound Spencer attacked the media for its relentless pursuit of his sister over the years. And he was gratified that the competitive drive to publish ever more intimate pictures of the princess led newspapers and magazines to take lucrative cash incentives that made it worth while for photographers to risk such dangerous, high-speed pursuits. "It would appear that every proprietor and editor of every publication that has paid for intrusive and exploitative photographs of her, encouraging greedy and ruthless individuals to risk everything in pursuit of Diana's autopsy, has blood on his hands today," said Spencer.

His feelings were widely echoed on the streets of London and around the world, where a swelling chorus of outrage condemned the paparazzi's obnoxious methods. The fury appeared well placed when Steve Cox, editor of the *National Enquirer*, reported within hours of the accident that the people offering photos of the death scene were hoping to make \$1 million (U.S.) from worldwide sales of them. Even before the extent of Diana's injuries was known, a spokeswoman for *The Globe and Mail* newspaper had engaged in on-air speculation about what might be a suitable price for the photos, asking the CNN interviewer, "What's his name?" when told that at least one photographer had been in the scene of the crash. The *Enquirer's* Cox blamed the accident on last month's bidding war to publish the first picture of Diana and Dodi during their vacation on a Mediterranean holiday. "It's a paper that's like winning a lottery ticket," said Cox. "This was a tragedy waiting to happen" (page 38).

But amid the mass of impact, the chase through Paris was just another episode in Diana's long-standing nose-and-lip relationship with photographers. She and Al Fayed had just spent a week vacationing in and around the French resort of Saint-Tropez, dividing their time between the Al Fayed home and yacht, *Royal*. The couple had arrived in Paris on Saturday after-

The princess in Paris in August, championing the campaign to ban land mines.



Was Diana hounded to death by pursuing paparazzi?

COVER

now, and dined that night at the Espadon restaurant in the opulent Ritz Hotel, also owned by Al Fayez family. Photographers were tipped off about their presence, and about 30 showed up to stake out the hotel, a handful choosing to keep an eye on a backstreet exit on the Rue Caulaincourt. They were the ones who spotted Al Fayez and Diana hopping into a silver Mercedes, trying to slip out the back.

As the paparazzi followed on motorcycles—the favored means of transport since it allows them to move in and out of traffic—the driver accelerated on the road along the Seine. Paris police speculated that the Mercedes, which also carried bodyguards Trevor Hines-Jones was exceeding 100 km/h when a speed trap in the city's 14th arrondissement snapped into the slightly curving tunnel at the Porte de l'Alma bridge. At that point, the driver swerved to avoid another vehicle approaching on his right, striking a central pillar and beginning the fatal spin out of control. An investigation was triggered to determine what the Mercedes was trying to avoid one of the pursuing motorcycles, but the photographs certainly predated the carnage. One had to be removed by police after angry residents began beating him up.

Diana's own camphoriness about press hounding were well known. The instant clothing had gone far beyond the old days of the simple foot chases down a London street. Those encounters, while still threatening to the princess, had more of a snapshot feel to them. More recently, the intrusions had become elaborate and sophisticated. There took one British newspaper to court in 1995 for publishing revealing photos of her dressed in women's clothes at her gym, where the fitness center owner had allowed the photographer to place a tiny hidden camera.

Diana was used to being stalked from above as well. Tomato media consultant Bonnie Brewster, who works for Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York, recalled attending Princess Be-



Prince William (left) and Harry with Charles: the less a long sufferer seemed certain to have a traumatic effect

The Paris funeral after the crash. Dodi Al Fayez, Diana's coffin being carried from the hospital; competitive pressures fuel a media frenzy for more revealing photographs of the princess and her new love



rice's eighth birthday party last August, when a helicopter hovered above, bringing slate-arranged flowers. Diana "dove under a plastic sheet to hide because she thought it was photographers," Brewster told MacLean's. After composing herself in the washroom, Diana told Brewster, "I'm at my son's birthday party and I can't even truly enjoy it just because I can't just be here, like you're sitting here." Brewster recalls thinking, "My god, this is how tragic this will be."

But in rare, wise factions of the British press had grown weary with Diana in recent months. Where they once showed sympathy for her version of a hellish life inside the Royal Family, she was now occasionally mocked for her personal habits, such as her dependence on diet segways for advice. There was also much mirthmaking about her new relationship with Al Fayez, whose flamboyant and controversial

father, Mohamed, owns Harrods department store and who admitted to trying to "lure the previous Tory government into giving him a British passport. Some London insiders had begun raising questions suggesting that Diana's son, Prince William, was uneasy with the relationship as well.

The princess had also taken on a more political role as the past year. She criticized Britain's former Tory government for its policies on homelessness and its refusal to ban antisocialized land mines. (The latter statement, 10 paragraphs—supporting the so-called Diana Prize for an international ban on the mines—had enhanced her reputation at home and abroad in a series of propects of worthy causes.) "On that note, she was like the saint," said Jill Shattock, director of Cancer's arms control and disarmament division. "Because she took the issue, she gave it the profile, she gave it the political creation." But Diana's environmental politics—traditionally off-limits to royalists and, by extension, ex-royals like her—also added to the press backlash in Britain, leading Diana to wish aloud that she could abandon her country for a life abroad. "The press is vicious," she told the French newspaper *Le Monde* just days before her death. "It's poison nothing. It only hurts me. It takes away my privacy, it's manipulated, every gesture magnified. I think that in my place, any sane person would have left long ago. But I cannot. I know my sins."

Her name no longer has her new Prince William, 15, and Harry, 13, were on vacation with their father in Scotland when the accident occurred. Prince Charles broke the news, then took the boys to church before leaving for Paris to accompany his ex-wife's body back to Britain. Diana's death seems certain to have a traumatic effect on the boys, Prince William in particular. This was often referred to William as an adviser and confidante, telling friends that she relied on her older son for emotional support through the breakdown of her marriage and in many, including aftermath. She also credited William with having made the suggestion that she auction off her old dresses for charity. Second in line to the throne, William has long been uncomfortable with the royal obligation to pose for pictures. Now, he must grapple with the fact that, as a public figure, he will always have to deal with the paparazzi culture in which his mother lived and died.

Of course, if the cult of celebrity number-blinded for Diana's death, colorology cannot be limited to a handful of photographers trying to snap a quick look-up as night falls in Paris. For the outrage aimed at "the press" after her death, the almost-supply of Diana photos has fed a seemingly insatiable public demand. Landau's Daily Mirror paid a reported \$450,000 to publish the first picture of a kiss and candle between Diana and Al

Fayez because it knew readers would buy their paper. "Mourners," acclaimed a crowd of Thais outside the Sathorn Hospital at the photographs who arrived in shoot Prince Charles coming to collect her body but one of the last great photographic scopes of Diana was taken and sold to the press just last month by a young girl with an instant camera. Diana had arrived by the Harrods helicopter in a Midlands village to visit her psychic counselor, and everyone from children to housewives ran for their cameras.

Even in the hours after the tragedy, the mourners who came to pay solemn respects at Kensington Palace brought their cameras along to record the moment. "It was strange," said Lesley Birchard, a Toronto tourist who joined the massive pilgrimage to the palace. "People would leave messages on the gates saying, 'Why couldn't you have a normal life?' or whispering, 'How could they do this to

her? But they all had their cameras, and everybody had to have their picture taken at the gates, too."

Hard. Diana herself threw her back to the press when she needed its power, particularly during her contentious divorce proceedings from Charles. She had a selected coterie of reporters to whom she would often leak her version of events disguised as the voice of "friends." She had tremendous intuition about how the media works, will assure that her private could easily upstage Charles's often awkward attempts at public relations.

Sensitive to charges that they were somehow responsible for the tragedy, some British tabloid reporters fired back at the dead princess. They maintained that her sensationalized coverage of the press had continued even after she and Charles successfully divorced and a trace in their public battles. For example, Diana chose the day that Charles hosted a 50th birthday party for his longtime mistress, Camille Parker Bowles, to appear in a striking leopard print bathing suit for the assembled photographers. "She walked on the beach; she got on a jet ski; she got on a motorboat," said Dennis Mizen, royal reporter James Whigham. "Why shouldn't she do this? I'm not saying she shouldn't. But that was definitely a virtuous performance for us to get photographs and a story," he says. "It's terrible what happened, but there was an element of use of the paparazzi and photographers in general that Diana used enormously in her advantage." Yet there was little doubt that the Al Fayed romance had pushed a famous princess into making even greater risks to get pictures of the couple. A spokeswoman for Mohamed Al Fayed said that, even before the fatal accident, the family had been legal proceedings to prevent photographers from swooping over him or his wife in private boats or helicopters.

It will now never be known whether or not Diana had found true love with Al Fayed. Certainly the tabloids thought so; they had described Diana as "sensational" and "candidly" predicted the couple would marry. Many of her friends were not so sure, saying simply that the princess was at last enjoying her rights, swept up in the swirl of Al Fayed's world.

But Diana's story was always about more than just a lustful love that died. Many of those who mourned her death believed she would be remembered for the way she could reach out to those who suffered, whether from AIDS or homelessness or land mine injuries, her brother rapists or other random acts of fate. One of the most precious needs of human beings, said Spencer: "I think she was looking closer at her public role," added Ross Moxley, one of Diana's closest friends, who vacationed with her in Greece after the first blow of Hurricane. "When she gave her aid with such compassion that it captured her heart."

Hers was a rare life. Perhaps no one has ever lived their adult years under such scrutiny, each private moment a joy or anguish played out before a fascinated global audience. Diana should enjoy the mount of celebrity in the media age, her life an open book for anyone who could plunk down the change to buy a paper. Like Marilyn and Elvis, her violent premature death will likely create her as an icon—forever young, forever tragic—while the rest of us speculate on how it all might have turned out in the end.

With JULIAN HOLLOWAY in Paris and PHOEA ADVANI in London

CANADA'S PRINCESS

The memory, for many, lives on. Diana captivated Canadians during three extended royal visits to Canada with her former husband, Prince Charles. The first was an 18-day tour in 1983—two years after the couple's storied wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral—that saw the country succumb to "Dianomania." That visit, to Atlantic Canada, Ottawa and Edmonton, was without record-breaking. On one occasion, reporters descended to know if then-New Brunswick Premier Richard Heddle, an avid monarchist, had been drunk when he gushingly toasted the royal couple with the words "Let the Queen burn, for yes, the throne is love. A toast to love, the Prince and Princess of Wales." But the little princess's enthusiasm was shared by thousands more. "She was a person that made you feel good to be with," says Jack Bonin, 58, the former mayor of St. Andrews,

N.B. During the couple's six-hour visit to his town, Bonin recalls, "I always had the feeling that here's a girl who'd like to have her jeans and a glad shirt on. I never felt that she was uncomfortable with the intense pressure she was under."

Three years later, the Prince and Princess of Wales were back, this time for an eight-day tour of British Columbia—the longest visit by any member of the Royal Family to a Canadian province. Diana was clearly the star as thousands gathered for a glimpse of the couple. Well-wishers showered her with flowers during the grueling tour, which included the official opening of British Columbia's Expo '86 in Vancouver and visits to remote parts of the province.

"Her pictures of her justice, but in person she was beautiful," remembers Vancouver health-care worker Red Whyte, who saw the princess at Expo '86. In the hectic schedule took its toll. Concerns about Diana's health mounted when she fainted after touring Expo's U.S. pavilion, and Buckingham Palace was forced to issue a statement saying that the princess was in perfect health.

That was not the case. As later disclosed by Diana, 1986 was the year she began to develop the rating disorder lupus erythematosus—a reaction, she said, to the fact that her marriage was disintegrating behind closed palace doors. By the time of her last visit to Canada, a week-long tour with Charles in November, 1991, speculation was rife about the state of their union—and Charles's frustration over his wife's ability to steal the spotlight. The couple was already leading very separate lives, and the last visit to Canada reflected that. It was, in fact, more a case of two separate tours. Charles focused on business and environmental concerns. Diana on social and medical issues that came to dominate the last years of her life.

Grief-stricken and cheering as always, casual when the tabloids called for it, she also moved John Flannery with her compassion during a visit to the Toronto AIDS hospice, Casey House. "She was amazing," recalls Flannery, the institution's executive director. "She was extremely comfortable with the residents—she really made an effort to spend time with them and their families to tell about what it is like to live with HIV." Casey House, Flannery said, has a candle that is lit for 24 hours in memory of a deceased resident or friend of the hospice. On Sunday, that candle burned for Diana.



Diana and Charles with the McWaynes in 1986—Inca's photo file

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THE TABLOID PRINCESS

BY JOE CHIDLEY

In more genteel times, she would have inspired poetry. Tilting a cue from Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, who habitually and farcically referred to Queen Elizabeth I as "Diana" in their poems, some courtly versifier would no doubt have picked up on the allusions of her name, drawing comparisons to the Roman goddess of the moon. The beauty dove would have been apt, providing rich fodder for describing her many phases and moods, her luminous beauty, her enigmatic grace. And yet, in the sad, ultimately tragic life of Diana, Princess of Wales—a short lived week in a sunken car crash—there was little poetry left, save that Diana was the stuff of scandal sheets, hoity-toity biographies and well-publicized indiscretions. Her life, perhaps to the very end, was minnowish if not in swirls or gilded metaphor, but in the place of the pagan's flabbiness.

In the end, both the woman and her legacy died acclaimed. She was more complex than either her friends or her foes—and there were many—usually cared to acknowledge. A shy teenager who seemed destined to be a faithful consort to the future king, she became a G-circus jet-setter who knew how to play a crowd. She was a caring mother and, for a time, a devoted wife, and a celebrated adulteress whose actions embarrassed Prince Charles and the entire Royal Family. She was a victim of media intrusions, and yet she was also a shrewd manipulator of public opinion who engaged in off-the-record titillating wars with her husband when their marriage was falling apart.

A fearless and tireless worker for causes of charitable concern, she went a long way towards earning the self-proclaimed title of "Queen of the people's hearts." But with her indiscretions, she also made the real flesh-and-blood worthy to its core. And despite her off-repeat charade of being a single, unencumbered life, she became a pop icon, the most photographed woman in the world. She was, for good or ill, a creature of her times.

It is difficult now to imagine a time when the world was not fascinated with Diana. But much of her young life was spent in relative obscurity. The third of four children, Diana Frances Spencer was born on July 1, 1961, at Park House, an east England estate that her parents rented from Queen Elizabeth II. Diana's father, Viscount Althorp, Earl Spencer, was descended from a centuries-old line of lords errant to the Crown, the last Earl himself having succeeded to his title in 1958 and his son, King George VI. Much of Diana's early life was spent at Park House and at the family home of Althorp, in the Midlands north of London. It was in some respects, as in the childhood of manners and nature walks, where Diana—a child of privilege and substance, if declining wealth—developed a love of the outdoors and her skill as a horseback rider.

Even then, however, Diana was no stranger to family discord. For much of her first six years, her parents struggled to hold together a troubled marriage that, in many ways, foreshadowed the union of Diana and Charles' years later. Her father, an emotionally distant man, and her mother—who in the mid-1960s contracted an extramarital affair with a dashing businessman, Peter Shand Kydd—were simply incompatible. In 1968, after attempts at reconciliation and a trial separation, the marriage dissolved. Diana's father won custody of the children;

With Al Fayad in Saint-Tropez: the divorce from Charles seemed to signal something of a personal and public rebirth



At the July gala for London's Tate Gallery renovation

blown over—and so did the media's fascination with Diana. As rumors of Charles and the young actress's courtship spread through London, photographs and tabloid reporters roamed outside the fashionable Young English at Grosvenor Place, where she taught leather guitar. And when a photographer snapped a now infamous photo of the schoolgirl Diana clad in a flagrantly provocative bikini in the sun outside the school, a media sensation was born. On Feb. 24, 1981, Charles and Diana announced their engagement. The news broke on July 29, the two were wed in a magnificient ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

Televised to hundreds of millions of viewers around the world, the wedding of Charles and Diana was a defining moment of the early 1980s, putting the phrase "royal wedding" into the common parlance. Suddenly, after years of slow decline in influence and popularity, the source of the British monarchy were reborn, from television reports and newspaper headlines to longer shelves and commemorative plates. For a time, it seemed, the Royal Family had been rejuvenated—thanks in large part to Diana. That sense was heightened on June 21, 1982, by the birth of the couple's first son, William Arthur Philip Louis—a role he's had to the throne of England.

The reality, however, was vastly different from the dream. In their adolescence and twenties, Charles and Diana deserved well. He was, as ever, with a philosophical turn of mind, while she was young and down to earth, and clearly uninterested in her new husband's passions for hunting and architecture. And there was some question about the depth of their feelings for each other, even then. In an interview during their engagement, Charles showed his love for Diana—and then followed up with a belching cough. "Whatever love means," he said.

Diana often seemed ill at ease with her new public role—as if Diana clearly outshone by her husband's speeches, and emotionally distant from him even in unpreserved moments. Diana's relationship with Charles's mother, meanwhile, proved difficult—Elizabeth was much taken with Sarah Ferguson, later the Duchess of York and wife of Charles's younger brother, Andrew. And the press followed Diana everywhere, even outside her home—she did not visibly protest against paparazzi on a shopping trip to Caribbean vacation. A telling exchange came during the couple's fallow tour in 1986, just before the birth of second son Harry, when Diana visited a London art gallery. When asked if she, Charles's partner, had ever seen the show, she responded, "Not we never are alone, are we?"

To her lasting credit, Diana turned her focus towards good causes by the early 1980s. Back in 1980, Prince Charles' beloved Princess of Wales was a patron of no less than 30 charities. She took a courageous and directly moral AIDS education to which she first became exposed, London art dealer Dennis Walder, in 1985. Indeed, on her death in 1997, Diana was photographed shaking hands with an AIDS patient—a courageous gesture of a time when fear was rampant that the disease could be contracted through casual contact. "You shake their hands and give them a hug," the late staff of People with AIDS ("Heaven knows, they need it"), wrote.

Annie transformed herself from "Princess Shy" to "Princess D," and then turned to charity work, to "Saint D" in the popular imagination. Diana's personal life was falling apart. As early as 1986, when she and Charles visited Canada for their third and final extended tour, reporters were already saying that the marriage was effectively dead. A year later, the publication of biographer Andrew Morton's tell-all book, *Diana: Her True Story*, confirmed much of the speculation. In 1988, Morton, along with Diana, co-sponsored through friends—entitled a picture of a young woman impaled in a lifetime marriage that resulted in a harsh physical and psychological hell. Following the birth of William in 1982, Diana had suffered postpartum depression, a condition that she later recalled, "gave everybody a weird new label—'Diana's unstable' and 'Diana's mental instability.'" By 1986, the book revealed, she had developed the eating disorder bulimia nervosa. And, the book concluded, she would ultimately resign herself to attend the atmosphere of Charles—who had renewed his relationship with Camilla Parker-Bowles, a romantic interest from before his marriage. "I did suffer upon myself," she later confirmed. "I didn't like myself; I was ashamed

Diana was more complex than either her friends or her foes acknowledged

her mother, Princess Margaret, Shand Kydd in far saner year.

A quiet student who seemed to enjoy domestic tasks, Diana's first formal education was at Roffe's House Hill, an all-girls boarding school in Norfolk, where she won a commendation from the headmistress for "her pluckiness." Later, Diana attended West Heath school in Kent, and then an expensive finishing school in Switzerland, becoming a competent skier and fluent in her方言 in French. (Meanwhile, her father remarried to Diana Carrillo—daughter of the novelist, Barbara Carrillo—during the opposition of his children.) By the time she returned to London in 1975, Diana had blossomed into a somewhat steely, slightly overbearing girl into a pretty and commanding 15-year-old. Then November, Charles asked Alby for a shooting expedition—and, reportedly, to court Diana's older sister, Sari. But the then-29-year-old heir to the throne was clearly taken with the young Diana, a "very jolly and amusing and attractive" (Heyen—old—of him), "as he would later recall his first impressions of her. Over the next three years, from reacquaintance through friendship to romance, their relationship

because I couldn't cope with the pressures."

There was more to come. In the summer of 1982, British tabloids reported taped conversations Diana had had with therapist Dr. James Giltay, who called her "Squidge" and repeatedly praised his love for her (she later denied having an affair with him.) That November, she and Charles toured South Africa, and it was an unprecedented disaster of verbal tangles and clear distance between the two. It came as little surprise, then, that in December, Prime Minister John Major rose in Parliament and announced the formal separation of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

With the couple separated—but still, Major said, with an open plan for divorce—Charles and Diana's relationship descended into a bickering match waged in the media. And the badgates for scandal were well and truly opened. In September 1984, the book *Princess in Love* alleged that Diana had an extramarital affair with a handsome country officer, James Hewitt. The book was widely condemned—and Hewitt was convicted by other officers in his elite Life Guards regiment, who accused him of being gay. But by late 1986, Diana herself had confided the affair during a sensational BBC television interview watched by millions: "Yes, I have affairs," she said of Hewitt. "Yes, I was in love with him."

It was not the only stonying revelation to come from the interview. At the outset of their marriage, she recalled, she was "desperately in love" with Charles and thought they would "make a good team." But the media attention soon proved to be disastrous. With a career a lot of gloom, a great deal of complicated situations arose because of that," she said. Diana also explained that the charges of an affair with Giltay had been leaked to the press by a royal factotum loyal to Charles—"my husband's side," she called it. "It was done to harm me in a serious manner," she said. Most controversially, she suggested that Charles may be unattached to his destiny—becoming king. "Because I know the character; I would think that if he kept on [call it], it would bring enormous implications to him," Diana said, "and I don't know whether he could adapt to that."

Royal-watchers interpreted that November 1986 interview as a bid to wrangle revenge on Charles—who had confounded earlier in biographer Jonathan Dimbleby that he and himself conducted an affair with Parker Bowles. For Queen Elizabeth, it was clearly the last straw. In December, Buckingham Palace officials concluded the Queen had written Charles and Diana, urging them to divorce. On July 12, 1986, after weeks of negotiations negotiations, they agreed to terms. Diana would receive a report of \$36 million settlement but would be stripped of the title Her Royal Highness. On Aug. 26, a British court granted wife-forever absolute, officially ending the couple's 5-year marriage.

After dropping her pretense of some 100 classifications, saying she wanted to give them an opportunity to find another royal partner, Diana adopted a new creed: riding the world's most personalized band wagon. She traveled to Africa last January, and then to Brazil last month, drawing attention to the plight of women disabled or killed by AIDS. Despite her occasional misgivings, Diana at 36 seemed to have grown comfortable in her role as humanitarian and celebrity. Perhaps, even, with Egyptian-born millionaire Dodi Al Fayed, she had found romantic happiness. For Diana, divorce was not a signed and sealed truth. Through the tables, the scandals and the tabloid style confessions, she maintained her popularity—among the people of England and around the world—with her charm, style and rare grace.



Clockwise from above: Diana at a 1979 school photo; the princess-to-be in earlier years, greeting her children through the 1991 Canada visit to Angela Kent Avenue



With Charles and the Reagans; in Sydney, Australia, in October, 1986 (right), with Mother Teresa in New York (below); establishing herself as a tireless worker for good causes



Meeting Hillary Clinton last June; the Royal Family appeared rejuvenated



Co-singing singer Diana Ross at last July's funeral of slain fashion designer Gianni Versace (below) "We never are alone, are we?"



No longer royal, but still a queen of the public heart, she was one of the most revered and recognizable people in the world. And what will Diana's legacy? For her children, with whom she was always loving and close, the loss is insurmountable. For the Royal Family—it's reputation ruined by scandal, not all of Diana's mistakes—the future of Charles as a bachelor king, and of the British monarchy, remains an open question. For her millions of fans, some of whom gathered outside Buckingham Palace last week, there will be continuing grief and outrage. For the rest, who knew Diana only through the revised headlines the photos and the books, her death nonetheless marks the end of an era. For those—love her, hate her or somewhere in between—there is going around the sense of loss, of something significant passing away. The death of a familiar song, perhaps. Or as the poets might have put it, the disappearance of the sun from the night sky □

THE PAPARAZZI PLAGUE

**Aggressive
celebrity
photographers
face mounting
public anger**



Diana under the lens. "They never left her alone."

A major celebrity can avoid them. Driving from cars, entering glittering parties or trying to take a secluded vacation, the private figures of the '90s are pursued increasingly by the paparazzi, a few women—who would long lenses, action and better photographs. Movie stars have punched them, sued them and urged boycotts of their work. But the aggression level of the world's paparazzi just seems to reach new extremes with every celebrity sighting.

In an eerie foreshadow of the Paris tragedy that claimed Diana, Princess of Wales, last week, action superstar Arnold Schwarzenegger and his wife, Maria Shriver, were trapped in their Mercedes-Benz in Santa Monica, Calif., last May between two cars pelted by paparazzi.

The two photographers were charged with false imprisonment in connection with the incident. In pursuit of a quick snap and an even quicker buck, no behavior seemed too offensive, no tactics too shocking—until the death of Diana and her newly revealed love, Dodi Al Fayed, in a high-speed car crash while being pursued by photographers on motorcycles. Last week, amid the chorus of denunciations of paparazzi and the others who buy their work, there were calls for more control on their methods, especially in Britain.

It will not be easy. As Diana's untimely exposure showed, catering to the public's fascination with royalty is immensely lucrative. "They never left her alone," said freelance photographer Mike Laven, formerly a royal photographer for the now-defunct British newspaper *Today*. "They do it for money, money, money. They're the greatest incentive to lose all their principles." In Britain and Western Europe, it is not unusual for a photographer to be paid \$25,000, \$40,000 or more for a single photograph. The figure can skyrocket when the content is as sensational—as in the case of the late Princess Diana's death. According to *Time*, the magazine that published the most dramatic photo of Diana's death, the tabloid press in Britain paid \$1 million for the British royal's body. The pictures reportedly earned photographer Mario Testino \$7 million worldwide. According to Steve Cox, editor of the London, Fla.-based *National Enquirer*, sources he did not name were last week hoping to reap \$1 million (U.S.) in worldwide sales for pictures of Diana's tragic death.

Even the most aggressive paparazzi had refused to buy Diana and urged the world press to respect the ghostlike star.

In the wake of the tragedy, some celebrities called on governments to issue "anti-paparazzi" measures. "It's high time to put an end to this, a call to the studios and chains," wrote Loriano Rovaris. "There should be a law to protect citizens." Actor Ben Crispin echoed the demand for new laws. "You don't know what it's like being chased by them," he told *Newsweek*. "It is harassment under the guise of, you know 'We are the press, we are entitled.'

When people are having a private moment, they should be allowed to have a private moment.

In Britain, as in most countries, it is open season on celebrities. "There is no law in this country," says Charles Landry, right editor of the London *Sunday Standard*. "There is only custom and an understanding that one should be fine decently." France is the notable exception, where privacy laws are famously strict. "In theory, you can't photograph someone walking down the street," says Laven. "You need written permission. In fact, it's a street crime. I'd technically have to get permission from every person that appeared in my picture." But the law is widely seen as anathema to those who chase celebrities. "You've got to remember that these paparazzi ride the edge of the law and often go over," says Les Wilson, editor of Britain's *Sunday Express*.

Like others in the business of publishing celebrity photos, Wilson maintains that Diana herself may have contributed to the problem. When her car careened away from the Rio hotel after her dinner with Al Fayed, the paparazzi had no choice but to give chase, he conceded. That view is shared by the Spanish photographer who started it all. Tano Rodriguez was the inspiration for a celebrity-hunting lecherous character in Federico Fellini's 1960 film *La Dolce Vita* when the late director named "Señorita," now 72 and retired, acknowledges that his colleagues no longer share good taste. "There is a law where someone should just say 'no,'" he says. "But on the other hand, they should just let them run away from paparazzi. At a certain point, they should just let them be photographed and move on." For Diana, however, that just meant moving within range of the next intrusive lens.

BRIAN WOODWARD until PHILIP AMBRICK in London

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CLASH IN BOSNIA

Hundreds of Bosnian Serbs armed with rifles and grenades attacked U.S.-troops who were repairing a gas station at the Bosnian Serb town of Bihać. This comes just as NATO's peacekeeping contingent, who were helping police loyal to Bosnian Serb President Biljana Pušić, take control of the airport. Two American troops were injured, but the soldiers drove back the mob with warning shots and tear gas.

AN INVITATION TO THE IRA

In a historic move, the British government invited the IRA's political wing, Sinn Féin, to participate in majority peace talks set to resume on Sept. 12. Northern Ireland Secretary Mo Mowlam and the self-styled commander of the IRA declared last month was "unprecedented," which showed the new Labour Party government is following through on its promise to include Sinn Féin in the talks for the first time.

DE KLERK STEPS DOWN

Former South African President P.W. de Klerk resigned as head of the National Party, the leading opposition group, and said he would quit politics. De Klerk, 67, who in 1993 negotiated an end to the white-only rule his party had instituted, said he wanted to make way for a new leader untainted by apartheid as 1994 elections approach.

NORTH KOREA PROTESTS

China's Washington "green result" in returning two senior diplomats exiled to the United States, the Pyongyang government pulled out of talks aimed at limiting sales of North Korean ballistic missiles. Pyongyang's ambassador to Egypt, Cheng Sung Gil, is the highest-ranking North Korean diplomat to defect to the United States. His brother and fellow defector, Cheng Sung Ho, via a Paris-based trade agency.

A KENNEDY DROPS OUT

U.S. Congressman Joseph Kennedy withdrew as a candidate for governor of Massachusetts. The 44-year-old oldest son of Robert Kennedy had been the Democratic front-runner before his wife accused him of trying to conceal her links involving their marriage, and his younger brother Michael was alleged to have had sex with an underage babysitter.



ILLEGAL RESIDENT: A Palestinian boy waives amid the ruins of his East Jerusalem home, one of three structures demolished by Israeli authorities who said they were built without permits. Meanwhile, a court was set to rule whether a Jewish developer could go ahead with his plan to build 70 Jewish homes in the same Arab neighborhood. Conflict over building in Jerusalem stalled the peace process last March. But in a surprising—and conciliatory—move last week, Israel lifted a month-long closure of Bethlehem.

Scandals over sterilization

Sweden and Switzerland, among others, could face compensation claims for rulings of dolars over the Nazi-style campaigns that led to the sterilization of thousands of women from the 1930s to the 1970s. According to revelations in a Swedish newspaper, nearly 65,000 people, mostly women, were sterilized in that country over a 50-year period to prevent the birth of non-Aryan children. Switzerland, newly opened to inquiries that it too sterilized up to 1,000 women, many of them mentally retarded, may have sterilized under a 1958 law that won the praise of Adolf Hitler. There were similar revelations last week of forced sterilizations in Belgium and Austria's Austrian Green Party.

Health spokeswoman Therese Sandström said about 70 per cent of all mentally handicapped women were sterilized. The practice, which may still be continuing in Austria, was usually carried out under false pretenses. "Women we tell their owners must be sterilized," she said. The current government has promised to investigate the allegations, which are particularly disturbing for Switzerland. The country is being scrutinized by debate over its role in confiscations of assets belonging to thousands of Jews who died in Nazi death camps. "All of this together with the past," said Jean Ziegler, a member of the Swiss parliament. "All the years, we lived the myth of a proper Switzerland."

A nighttime massacre in troubled Algeria

The attackers came as the village of Sidi Ben slumbered. Four hours later, when the sunrise had turned, scores of villagers lay dead or wounded. It was the worst massacre since Muslim militants began their campaign against Algeria's military government after cancellation of the 1992 general election, when Islamic methods had taken a huge lead. Some villages put the death toll at 300, although according to government figures 88 people were killed and 150 wounded. Algerian Prime Minister Ahmed Ouyahia blamed the attack on Muslim terrorists, and promised extra protection for people in isolated communities.

People

Edited by
BARBARA WICKENS

No rest for the wickedly funny

Since 7 a.m., he has been on his feet at the downtown Toronto set of *B.3000* (btv Tuesday), a historical retrospective show debuting this fall on the new specialty History Channel. As the show's host, Rick Mercer—best known for his work on the hit CBC TV news satire *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*—he's been trying to be his usual funny untrained self. But by mid-morning on a Friday in late August, the St. John's, Nfld., native is getting a little punchy. While taping a bit about Wallis Simpson and the 1896 execution of King Edward VIII, the doc director tells Mercer to shift his weight onto his other foot. "My back foot?" he asks, squinting into the place of the static lights. "My back foot? Jesus, you're mistaking me for a goat!"

Considering his schedule, 27-year-old Mercer can be forgiven for feeling a wee bit tired. "This summer, I was just going to take some time off," he says. But in June, he was busy covering the federal election for the *MetroWest* Network, and then landed a part in Toronto's grand musical *Wicked* for the fifth season of *22 Minutes*, which resumes on Sept. 22. In between, he was in Toronto to host the first 12 episodes of *B.3000* (btv Tuesday) and he will be back again in October to tape a few more episodes.

Fifty, fierce and already one of the most recognizable young faces on Canadian television, Mercer is also rapidly becoming a sought-after voice of political affairs, having written pieces for both *Maclean's* and *Time* magazine. So it's understandably elusive to his label of "newspaperman"—although he does confess to being a "news junkie." As a child, Mercer recalls, "my grades were so bad I wasn't allowed to watch much television. But my parents always watched the news, so that was my TV entertainment." Now, Mercer is clearly looking forward to starting the new Parliament, with its fine party leaders. "I think this Parliament will be fun for Canada," he says, "and good for 22 Minutes."

Mercury 3000
Executive Producer
will be good for
22 Minutes'

Photo: GUY LAWRENCE



Rick Mercer

Rolling from T.O. to Babylon

Two summers ago, The Rolling Stones sneaked into Canada and quietly set up shop in a North Toronto private boys' school to prepare for a world tour. This time, when the legendary rock band returned to release what for its latest tour, there was no such secrecy. TV crews camped out at Toronto's Pearson International Airport to film the group's arrival, and fans were waiting eagerly for their heroes when they showed up for the first day of rehearsals at a downtown concert hall. Critics might suggest that rock's sonar creators were looking to generate some advance publicity for their upcoming *Bridges to Babylon* album and tour, which stops in six Canadian cities, beginning with Winnipeg on Sept. 20. But according to Sean Rossenberry, marketing director for Toronto-based Strip Entertainment, a few affirmations with longtime Stones associate Michael Cohl, the more open approach simply reflects how the Stones feel "able with the city now," says Rossenberry.

Jagger in Toronto
as Canadian stop



long. "Plus, Michael is here, so they can do all their business at the same time." Rossenberry had no details about any possible surprise club appearances on Sept. 20. Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Ron Wood, and Charlie Watts performed a last-minute show at a downtown bar. Then again, the Stones have never exactly been predictable.

Championships on Lake Banook, near Dartmouth, N.S., swept all three women's singles gold medals. "It's the first time I've ever been in the position to say I'm the best in the world," said an exhausted but elated Brunet after winning at 2000, 500, and 1,000 metres. "It was nice to do it in front of my family and friends, and I couldn't be happier." Even with that, she ranks Atlanta as her best performance. "Winning an Olympic medal," she said, "is still my favorite memory."



Tension on the tundra

BY JOHN SCHOFIELD

The sound of children's laughter punctuated the brusk Labrador tundra as native families huddled around campfires and talked into the night. For a moment the mood was remarkably festive. But when a group of about 300 Inuit and Iñupiat staged a peaceful march last week through a remote exploration camp on the edge of the massive Voisey's Bay nickel deposit, tensions suddenly flared. The natives were demonstrating against efforts by Toronto-based mining giant Inco Ltd. to build a smelter and refinery at the site. The 46 Inuit, camped on a hill overlooking Inco's Amiskabik Bay operations, returned home immediately, followed by 27 RCMP officers sent in to keep the peace. Inca and the natives now wait as six weeks for the courts to decide whether the 18-km-long road connecting Inco's own exploration camp should be included in an environmental review. Without an airing, Inco will be hard-pressed to deliver the workers, fuel, fuel and equipment it needs to develop the mine. Despite the delay, Inco insisted it will meet its 1996 deadline to commence production. "That would be wrong to prevent it just right," said spokesman David Allen. "But we've been assured it's achievable."

Inco faces a delay at its Voisey's Bay nickel project

It was a rare victory for northern Labrador's downriver natives, and a blow to Inca's hopes for bringing what is touted as the world's largest nickel find into production by 1996. The court decision immediately cooled tempers at the site. The 46 Inuit, camped on a hill overlooking Inco's Amiskabik Bay operations, returned home immediately, followed by 27 RCMP officers sent in to keep the peace. Inca and the natives now wait as six weeks for the courts to decide whether the 18-km-long road connecting Inco's own exploration camp should be included in an environmental review. Without an airing, Inco will be hard-pressed to deliver the workers, fuel, fuel and equipment it needs to develop the mine. Despite the delay, Inco insisted it will meet its 1996 deadline to commence production. "That would be wrong to prevent it just right," said spokesman David Allen. "But we've been assured it's achievable."

Investors appear less optimistic. On the day of the court decision, shares in Inco fell \$1.10 to \$29.05. They closed the week at \$27.55. "Giving a price of ground is worthless unless it's producing re-

venue for you," said a Bay Street analyst. "Right now, Voisey's Bay is producing the square root of zero." Inco is under enormous pressure to generate cash because of the \$4.3 billion it paid to acquire the Voisey's Bay discovery from Vancouver-based Diamond Minerals Resources Inc. in 1996. After last week's snag, some analysts predicted that production might not begin until 2001.

Inco is faced with satisfying the concerns of native and non-native groups—and negotiations with both the Inuit and Innu stand at a standstill as a compensation package have bogged down. In addition, both the Labrador Inuit Association and the Innu Nation want a full environmental assessment before any work goes ahead. To make matters worse, Inca is faced with a brutally short construction season. Winter typically arrives by late October, and the ground remains frozen until late June. The longer production is delayed, the more Inco is gambling with nickel prices. The going rate for a pound of nickel is now \$4.35—down \$2.25 since early 1995, in part because of increased shipments from Russia.

Newfoundland Premier Brian Tobin plays down the importance of the 1996 startup. "Frankly, the whole history of large resource developments is that there delays happen," he says. But Tobin is clearly growing impatient with the Inuit and the Innu. In recent weeks, he has threatened to pull out of land-claims talks and give the courts the final say.

Without a doubt, Newfoundland has a lot riding on the project. Analysts at the Royal Bank and elsewhere predict that Newfoundland's economic growth will outpace all other provinces in 1996 and 1997—but only if nickel production at Voisey's Bay and offshore oil production go ahead. Construction at Voisey's Bay is expected to create up to 600 jobs, while the main Inco plant will employ as many as 200 workers. These will be shipped to a nickel smelter in Agincourt, Nfld., an old U.S. naval base about 180 km west of St. John's, which will employ another 900 people. "There's no question," says Tobin, "that when you couple Voisey's Bay with the development of the offshore oil and gas resources, you begin the process of changing Newfoundland from a have-not to a have province."

Promises the Inuit and Innu admit the project is impossible to stop. They say they are fighting to ensure that they share in the benefits, and that the lead officials have made much of their intention to develop a mine with state-of-the-art environmental safeguards. The natives, however, see demands for a full environmental review that includes the road and strip-mining, which they argue could damage rivers in the area and destroy the habitat of the arctic char that are an important part of the native diet. Last month, Justice Raymond Hickey ruled that the construction work on the road and strip-mining did not have to be included in the environmental review, even though a federal environmental panel had earlier recommended a full hearing. Last week's injunction halted construction pending an appeal of Hickey's ruling.

What concerns the natives most is the staggering scale of the \$20-billion project. At least the first six years of operation, the company will scoop up nickel, copper and cobalt from a gaping hole, about a kilometre in length and 500 m wide. Once the open pit is exhausted, Inco will begin production from a nearby mine reaching one kilometre underground. Over the project's anticipated 30-year lifespan, the mine will pro-

duce 279 million pounds of nickel a year. Unlike the days when entire cities sprung up around massive mineral finds, the 500 employees at Voisey's Bay will be housed in makeshift trailer towns and will be forced repeatedly to move from their home communities. When the work is done, Inco plans to get back some of the topsoil, smooth out the rough edges, and let the site sit with vegetation.

The compensation packages the Innu are negotiating with the Inuit and Innu leaders around the Innu nation's impact benefit agreements—negotiated to minimize the environmental effects of the mine, will likely also include job guarantees and provisions for skills training, financial compensation and other benefits. Inco says it was close to an agreement with the Inuit, who had been down recently, reportedly over money. The Innu are further from a compensation deal, and separate land-claims settlements for both groups could take even longer. William White, a spokesman for the Labrador Inuit Association, says the organization is still looking for a better offer as such issues as self-government and revenue-sharing.

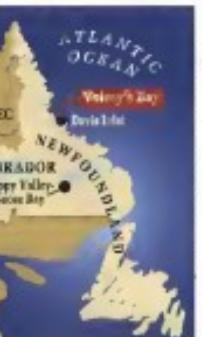
The natives are prepared to wait for the right deal—no matter how long it takes. "We are used to being treated like garbage," said Paul Rich, band council chief in the Innu community of Sheshashat, where six Inuit went to protest their winter tents. "This resource is taken from our backsides. We have to make sure we get as much benefit as we can—not just for us, but for future generations." The Inuit, traditionally less militant than the Innu, are just as determined. "This is our home," says William Harbour, 58-year-old president of the Labrador Inuit Association. "It was taken away from us in the first place, and now we have to go through things that are ours. Does this development go ahead without our consent? The answer is no."

The land-claims and compensation agreements, if signed, would allow some hope of a better life for the natives of northern Labrador. For the Innu in particular, the past 50 years have been marked by grinding poverty, pain and struggle—much of it focused on the tiny coastal community of Davis Inlet. Since the once nomadic natives were forced to settle there 30 years ago, the village of 400 has been torn by drug and alcohol abuse, family violence and suicide. Even now,

Davis Inlet has sewage systems and the homes lack running water. After years of campaigning for better conditions and battling over issues such as low-level military test flights over their land, the Innu have learned to become fighters. Innu Nation president Rich, 37, has earned a reputation as one of the country's longest native leaders.

Next year, the Innu at Davis Inlet are due to finally begin moving in new houses in Siegota Bay, 10 km southwest, built with \$80 million from Ottawa and St. John's. With that hard-won victory under their belts, they are ready to go head-to-head with Inco. "Without an impact benefit agreement, without land claims, the Voisey's Bay project will not be going ahead," says Rich. For the world's largest nickel company, durability is as cold and harsh as the Labrador winter.

By PETER EVANS in Voisey Bay





GM has an Ottawa, Ontario and two research

than they would have. Dealkoski says vehicles are also built better.

Profit margins have risen, too. Back in 1991, the Big Three North American automakers were losing money—an average of \$800 per vehicle at Chrysler, \$250 at Ford and \$2,500 at GM. Since then, says Jim Hart, president, chairman of Hartman & Associates, a consulting firm in Troy, Mich., successive price increases and strong demand for high-margin sport utility vehicles have pushed earnings higher. Chrysler's profits last year were \$4,200 per vehicle, while those at GM were

atives say they recognize that as well as the cost of parts, the cost of labor and overheads put a lid on savings.

To trim manufacturing costs, Toyota has squeezed billions of dollars from parts suppliers by forcing them more economically by such as heated side mirrors known as "decarbonizing." The cost reductions from this will be on full display as the new Prius arrives in showrooms.

The prices of many top-line models, including the Ford Taurus and Toyota Camry, have been redesigned. As well as remaining unchanged, the vehicles in some other cases have been reduced.

"The industry is terrified of competition," says Tom Rossen,

long-term, says economist Carlos Lora, who adds that the economy is being hit by a "funding crunch" as banks tighten lending. "Consumers are flocking to the supermarket, bolstered by low interest rates and pent-up demand for big items," he says.

Industry is also losing customers because of an emphasis on leasing rather than buying. Leasing allows companies to drive away in a new vehicle after making lower payments and an option to renew it the year later for a price of about 10 per cent of the original \$20,000 four per cent of new vehicles are leased. But last year the figure was 15 per cent. "Leasing has been used to get around the strictures of the law," says Marc Santucci, president of a consulting firm in Montreal. The next time the economy improves, the industry may face another crisis.

BUSINESS.

Revving up profits

Why car prices are rising faster than inflation

It was love at first sight when Marie Hebert spied a deer green 1957 Set of local Chryslers in the driveway. She, however, took her breath away \$89,400 in bidding room. After a test-drive and an alteration of baggagel, Hebert decided to lease the car for \$5,000 down and \$525 a month. Three months later, she was dangled with the vehicle still had not fully recovered from side-ways shock. Says Hebert, "A \$1-million ride complete with a video-game racing computer in Toronto. "This is about the expense that another person can pay for a car."

Anyone who has wandered through a new car showroom lately is likely to share her dismay. According to a recent Royal Bank survey, prices for new cars and light trucks rose an average of 7.5 per cent between January, 1985, and March, 1987, a period during which the consumer price index rose 3.8 per cent. The study found that it now takes the average worker 38 weeks of income to purchase a new vehicle, compared with 28 weeks in 1980. "At least, exceptions, certainly, final prices are too high," says Wayne Synderup, vice-president and national sales manager for Export-Canada Inc.

A number of factors have pushed prices higher. In the United States and Canada, governments have forced manufacturers to brief up emission controls and install sensors and more sophisticated seat belts. Mean



recently compiled mileage statistics for cars taken to scrap yards over the past three decades. In the 1960s, the typical car had 168,000 km on the odometer when it was taken off the road. In 1980, the average was 179,000 km, and today a typical car travels 223,000 km before it's scrapped. While the last recession forced people to keep cars longer,

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Chandrasekar
and wife Jaya
at their studio.

that includes immigrants from India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka and others of Indo-Caribbean descent—have a median annual household income of about \$20,000, compared with \$41,000 a year for Canadians generally. "South Asians account for some of the highest per capita income and educational levels in ethnic minority groups," he says.

With that in mind, and with support from major Indo-Canadians and other cultural organizations across the country, Chandrasekar won a specialty channel license last year from the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission. The service will be available on cable for \$14.95 a month. ATN's programming consists mostly of Hindi movies and newscasts, fed live or on tape from India. But there are also original productions such as *Dance of India* and talk shows featuring interviews with South-Asian celebrities. The network also airs sports—especially cricket—and variety shows in Hindi, English, Punjabi, Gujarati, Tamil, Urdu and other South-Asian languages.

Chandrasekar's advisers say he has given a voice to his community. Says Raj Kohli, a partner at Coopers & Lybrand and head of the Indian Chamber of Commerce:

"He has helped promote the culture not only to non-South Asians, but also to the second-generation of immigrant families. Asia-Asia Television has become an alternative to mainstream television. A channel like Asia Television allows people of my generation to identify with immigrants in the media."

For now, ATN is wholly owned by Shash and Jaya Chandrasekar, who is vice-president in charge of programming and serves as a producer and on-air anchor. This fall, however, the couple plan to take the company public, raising shares on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

Looking to media moguls Moses Znaimer, Ted Rogers and Bell Telephone as role models, the broadcaster now dreams of extending her reach beyond North America. He is in India to launch his service soon in Trinidad, Guyana and Suriname, three countries with large South Asian populations. He is also applying for a television license in South Africa. After that, he may move on to even more ambitious goals, one that involves back to his days as a college student. He hopes eventually to acquire a broadcast license in India itself, supplying North American programming to a market whose appetite for Western culture has grown immensely since his college days.

BUSINESS

South-Asian airwaves

An Indian-born broadcaster gets set to go national

As a college student in South India in the mid-1960s, Shash Chandrasekar played electric guitar in a rock band performing Beatles tunes and other Western pop tunes. But after he immigrated to Canada in 1967, Chandrasekar underwent a career rethink of sorts. With a group of 50 law students at McGill University in Montreal, he formed a band called "Swaravani"—a Sanskrit word meaning "harmony"—but played mostly Hindu pop tunes at Indian community functions. His taste in music had not changed, but Chandrasekar wanted to promote his culture in his new environment.

He is still doing it, albeit on a larger scale. On Sept. 14, Chandrasekar's ATN will introduce to Canadians the first Indian South-Asian television channel. Already seen by about 5,000 U.S. subscribers—who pay \$14 a month on top of their basic cable charges—Chandrasekar's Asian Television Network is aimed at separating South Asians who want to stay in touch with their culture through movies, sports, cultural programs and news from the Indian subcontinent.

"I never thought things would go this far," says Chandrasekar, who graduated from McGill with a masters in social work in 1973 and then moved to Toronto, where he did volunteer work in a community television producer. "But as one thing led to another, I started to get involved more with the com-

munity and felt I owed it to them to provide this kind of service. We started from nothing, but each step had a snowballing effect."

Coming from a family of entrepreneurs, his father, K. Subrahmanyam, was the area's first Indian film director to make a feature picture with sound—Chandrasekar has produced a television programme for Canada's South-Asian community. He launched his business career in 1977 by buying Indian studios on a community-access cable channel in Toronto. A year later, he launched Asia-Asia Television, a one-hour show about South-Asian news and events. In 1989, he helped to found CTME, a multicultural channel that in the city that began to air South-Asian programs on Saturdays and Sundays.

Chandrasekar's big move came in 1988, when he bought his own studio in Newmarket, Ont. That became the headquarters for his private company, the Asian Television Network. Chandrasekar and his wife, Jaya, began hosting shows and interviewing celebrities who happened to be visiting Toronto, including Indian Prime Minister Tony Blair. These shows generated interest and the weekly Asia-Asia expanded.

Five years ago, Chandrasekar decided that a few hours of weekly programming were not enough for the country's growing South Asian community. "We're targeting a market of about two million people in North America," he says. His research suggests that South Asians in Canada—a group

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Ross Laver

Personal Business

Fasten the seat-belts

Like journalists, professional stock watchers have an aversion to surprises. So it was not surprising that pundits from both camps agreed last week to characterize the market's peak before the long awaited slide to Black Monday—Oct. 19, 1987, the day the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted 23 per cent in a single session.

Everywhere, market enthusiasts were drawing ominous parallels between the situation then and now. In the summer of 1987, share price's resistance to a series of new highs in equities investors poured record amounts of cash—much of it borrowed—into stocks and equity mutual funds. The economy was strong and most analysts were racing ahead but blue skies. Almost unaided and the market euphoria, a few pessimists warned that shares were seriously overvalued and that an upward trend in interest rates could soon hammer the bull market into submission.

No question about it: these are still long-term trends, made worse by the market's increasing volatility. Since days, price action upwards, on others, they often precipitously, wiping out recent gains. Such wild swings, experts say, often signal that the market is close to a fundamental bar. At least, some are calling this the most volatile year since 1929.

So it's time to bail out? The answer depends in part on your tolerance for risk, and even more so whether your sights are fixed on the short or long term.

Assuming that the objective is wealth for retirement, the sensible approach is to ignore the day-to-day fluctuations. Admittedly, this isn't easy in an era of 24-hour news, instant "analysis" and breathless up-to-the-minute stock market bulletins. "I normally don't watch the tape, but I happened to be watching CNN last week as a morbid when the market fell 70 points," says Eric Kramer, adjunct associate professor of fi-

nance at the University of Toronto. "All I do is sit back, take notes, and wait for the news and speculating about a possible crash. Two years later, the Dow was up 40 points and all the talk about a major correction was forgotten."

The reality, Kramer points out, is that the market's short-term direction is impossible to predict. "It can be encouraging to watch the tape, but it's also totally frustrating and maddening."

What about those comparisons with 1987? While similarities do exist, there are also several significant differences between conditions now and those preceding the 1987 crash. Ten years ago this summer the U.S. dollar was falling sharply and government deficits in both Canada and the United States were far higher as a percentage of gross domestic product. This is worse than the longstanding stock market let investors the U.S. Federal Reserve Board wasATCHING UP interest rates to choose all inflation. By the fall of 1987, the bell-bottom U.S. 30-year bond yield was above 10 per cent, high enough to lure many people out of stocks.

By contrast, the long-bond yield last week was a modest 5.61 per cent. And even after six years of U.S. economic growth, there are still indications of any serious wage or price pressures. Economists, in fact, can't seem to make up their minds whether the greater danger on the horizon is inflation or deflation. As long as they disagree, the outlook for interest rates—and stocks—should remain favorable.

Kramer, for one, is sticking with his recommended weighting of 50 per cent in stocks, 30 per cent in bonds and 20 per cent in money market funds. "I hardly don't know if the stock market is too high," he says. "I do know that three years ago a lot of analysts were cautioning that the market had topped out, and they were recommending that investors sell their positions." Investors who acted on the advice undoubtedly regret it: since 1984, stock prices have climbed 66 per cent.



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BANK PROFITS UP

For the third consecutive year, Canada's big five banks are setting new profit records. Third-quarter profits rose 17 per cent at the National Bank, 20 per cent at the Royal Bank, 22 per cent at the Bank of Montreal, 22 per cent at the Toronto-Dominion Bank and 16 per cent at the Bank of Nova Scotia. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce did not report third-quarter results this week.

BOMBARDIER'S SETBACK

The Mexican government deeply disliked Bombardier Inc.'s bid, a \$400-million railway car contract. In July, the Montreal-based transportation giant said it was closer to agreeing to sell its railcar line of 250 cars to Mexico City's transport authority. But in a surprise move, the government rejected Bombardier's bid and accompanying proposal on technical grounds. The company said it will likely take legal action.

GENERIC DRUG FIGHT

Canada's two biggest generic drug manufacturers are heading to court again in dispute over patents. Apotex Inc. has filed suit in U.S. district court, alleging that rival Novopharm Ltd. infringed a U.S. patent for making a generic version of the heartburn drug Zantac. Novopharm, also of Toronto, says Apotex's patent is invalid. The two firms have clashed repeatedly in the past.

BATON GETS CTV

Federal broadcast regulators approved the transfer of control of CTV, the country's oldest private television network, to Baton Broadcasting Inc. of Toronto. Until now, CTV has been owned by a consortium of private broadcasters, none of which had a majority stake. Baton is 53 per cent owned by Toronto's Baton family.

MARK'S TAKEOVER?

Mark's clothing retailer Dylan Ltd. tabled a \$165-million takeover offer for Marks Work Wearhouse Inc. of Guelph, Ont., a menswear chain founded in 1977, before losing credibility recently after a major acquisition drive. Dylan, based in Toronto, operates 640 stores under the DSW, Brown's, Wearhouse, Thrifts and Tip Top names. Marks' shares rose sharply at week's end as investors gambled that a rival bid would soon emerge.

Pumped up over gas prices

Rising prices at the gas pumps are driving Canadian motorists—and some politicians—around the bend. The cost of fuel in some cities has jumped as much as 10 cents a litre, prompting consumers to demand more stringent regulations and price setting. Ministers in isolated communities have been hit even harder. Last week, a service station in Sudsy Lake in Northern Ontario was charged \$1.29 a litre for regular unleaded. Even Ontario Premier Mike Harris is upset. "I cannot help but suspect there is collusion amongst the companies," said Harris.

Retailers suggested that Harris's remarks were inspired by his party's recent decision to cut \$100 million from the Canadian Auto Trade Association, the industry's main gasoline

prices are now falling. Analysts say higher demand for gasoline, spurred by a stronger economy, has pushed up prices. Supplies have also been tighter than normal because of refinery breakdowns in North America and Europe.

Eaton's clears hurdle

Struggling retailer T. Eaton Co. Ltd. reached an agreement with several so-called value-line creditors to bid them off in three to 10 days. They were demanding a better return on debt they had acquired from Eaton's creditors. The deal means the company can proceed with a restructuring plan unveiled last month.

To win their support, Eaton's agreed to speed

up payments to the funds and to increase the interest rate on previously issued plans to issue. Uncertified creditors will receive half their money up front—although Eddie's is offering more—and have the rest paid in monthly plan payments. An additional 35 per cent will be covered by assets paying 15 per cent and due on Feb. 28; the remainder will be covered by 13 percent assets due next June 30. Eaton's originally offered to repay half the money in notes paying eight per cent and maturing on Jan. 31, 1998.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

Canada's economy staged a rebound in the second quarter of 1997. The inflation-adjusted gross domestic product increased 4.1 per cent—most of it, despite a sharp decline in imports. Strong consumer demand is powering the expansion, fueled by household investment in new homes and machinery. Labor income was up four per cent in the quarter, suggesting that workers are beginning to profit from the recovery.

In a further sign of economic growth, the number of people who applied for unemployment benefits in June fell

1.1 per cent from May, to 221,000. In total, 577,890 people Canadians drove benefits in June, the lowest number since 1983.

Disposable store sales

were 11.8 per cent higher in July than a year earlier.

"The Canadian economy rebounded on the powerhouse exports—oil for it in the second quarter."

Nestlé Bunn

"Looking ahead, we see an upbeat mini-good economic from job and wage gains will continue to support consumer confidence and purchases."

Scotiabank

"We've had a long period of declining real per capita income in the 1990s. What this shows is that we're getting out of that—that people's real income is rising."

Royal Bank





Peter C. Newman

An opportunist blinded by ambition

The revelation that Lucien Bouchard's psychiatrist profile makes him eat to bea compulsive political opportunist hardly qualifies for headline treatment.

But it's comforting to receive more or less accurate confirmation of something that most of us who have followed his ignoble career, his critics—and perhaps his former friends—have known all along: Lucien Bouchard may not be for sale, but he's definitely for rent.

All Canadian politicians—at least the successful ones—are distinguished by wide streaks of inconsistency and pragmatism. But there is a difference between swerving behind new circumstances and altering your stance so fundamentally that instead of accousterning your beliefs, you turn your entire belief system upside down. That has been the case with Bouchard, whose every move was prompted by blind ambition to extend the reach of his power.

The Quebec premier has never really believed in anything or anyone except himself. A very long time ago, I described him as a serially inclined politician, John Dieleman, as being "a self-made man who worships his creator." That image fit Bouchard perfectly last fall when Barbara Moon, then a contributing editor at Maclean's, interviewed Tony prime minister Dieleman, and asked him what he thought about it. It was a legitimate, if slightly off-the-wall question, but instead of answering, Dieleman brushed and shut back: "That question doesn't exist."

Bouchard goes to similar extremes. When he is not pleased with Ottawa's intergovernmental affairs minister, he tells the world that Stephen Dion "doesn't exist." When he prides himself about Quebec's being part of Confederation, he reacts by claiming an anybody-who-lives-in-Canada "is not a real country."

Dr. Vivian Balakoff, the Toronto psychiatrist who wrote the damning report of Bouchard's mental state, describes him as suffering from an "authoritarian disorder" which translated into English means being "incoherent in his personal and political loyalties. Not one black dot that.

Most of us switch parties at election time, casting our ballots for whichever leader or whatever policy appeals to us most. But Bouchard's political loyalties have been anything but causal. He became a supporter of Pierre Trudeau in 1968 and rose via the Liberals to become vice-president of the Quebec party's political committee. After the 1970 October Crisis, he fled a complete absorption and deserted the Liberals to become a senior adviser to René Levesque's separatists. Following a decade as an independent, he did another turnaround and decided he was really a legal Canadian just in time to grab the offer by Brian Mulroney's plan-making as Canadian ambassador to France in 1985. (A slight face-past as a brief sidebar on his term in Paris: Proposing a toast at the first golf-

eing of the embassy's 200 employees, he lifted his "coup-de-champagne," and uttered: "To Quebec-France relations!" Quickly correcting himself, he switched his salute: "To Canada-France relations!")

Two and a half years later, he was his own calling as a Conservative cabinet minister, boasted by his "best friend," Brian Mulroney who had been a university classmate at Laval. Bouchard occupied the senior position of secretary of state (which meant, frankly, that he presided over the 1988 Canada Day celebrations), and novice minister, and served as political minister for Quebec. In the spring of 1990, the Quebec politician abruptly abandoned the Tories at the most crucial juncture of their mandate to establish his own separate party, the Bloc Québécois.

Obviously, Bouchard regards political parties as vehicles to be used and discarded at will. Those who have worked closely with him have noticed a dark side to the man's psyche. "He has multiple personal bests and each has its own agenda, often contradicting the others," recalls Arthur Cimino, a former Bouchard confidante who was his international environmental adviser during the Mulroney period. "I would start the meeting with one Bouchard and end it with a different one. He was given to shifting from one issue of need to another without even realizing that he had, enveloping history as he went along. He had many road swings when his road logic frequently overwhelmed his emotions. This enabled him to convince himself of the Big Lie. He was totally convinced, for example, that he never betrayed Mulroney, but that it was the other way round."

For Mulroney, Bouchard's betrayal during the last days of the Meech Lake negotiations was particularly wounding, because it violated the prime minister's political motto: "You dance with the one who brings you." Nothing hurt the PM more during the nine years he spent in a lie. Mulroney knew that politics and gratitude were strangers, but believed that for a friendship was not negotiable. The split between the two men was so deep that Mulroney instructed his wife, Mila, that should Bouchard show up at his funeral, she must stop the service until he leaves the church.

The definitive assessment of Bouchard as a man and as a politician was the biting comment of Stanley Hart, a deputy minister of finance who also served as Mulroney's chief of staff: "Lucien turned himself into a human car loan, designed to go off at a fast and fierce pace when it would do the most damage." Hart said after the collapse of Meech: "He acted when he did because he saw, for the first time, that there was a way for the Meech Lake provisions to work and thus divorce Quebec separatists. He saw a chance to make himself both a hero and a martyr, and to succeed René Lévesque's leader Jacques Parizeau. That's what he did. I hate the guy. Lucien Bouchard is trying to destroy my country."

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SUDDENLY SARAH

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

There is a pivotal scene in *The Sweet Hereafter* where Nicole, the teenager (played by Sarah Polley), testifies at an inquest into a school bus accident that has left her paralyzed from the waist down. She lies. Then, under questioning, she lies again, her voice breaking with just the right edge of emotion. The quiet sadness of desire is visible—barely—in her shimmering eyes, and in the heat of desire that burns on from the compressed mouth. But the lie also contains a terrible truth, a secret understood only by the girl's father, who watches in shocked silence. Playing the scene utterly still, Polley conveys a psychological depth that is unusual. There she is, an actor portraying a girl who has come of age by learning to act—to lie and to tell the truth in the same breath. And just as her character closes the door on herhood innocence, so does Polley. The child star who grew up in the green pastures of the CBC's *Raid on Avonlea* is a chiseled movie star. And now the Toronto-based actress is making the transition to roles with the close-eyed poise of a young Julie Foster.

Polls with this triumph in Cannes last May—where it won three awards, including second place in the Grand Jury Prize—*The Sweet Hereafter* opens the 22nd Toronto International Film Festival Sept. 4 to 12 this week. The movie, which will be released across the country in October, signals a new phase of maturity for its celebrated Canadian director, Atom Egoyan. (See p. 88.) But for the 16-year-old Polley, it marks a startling rite of passage. Her performance, though contained within a superb ensemble, emerges from *The Sweet Hereafter* as a qualitatively devastating revelation. "Because she's so up front and seems to be completely clear in her logic and thinking," says Egoyan, "there's something very direct and plausible about her feelings. There's something that's very visual, very familiar about her, yet really painful and unsettling. It's the combination of the two that makes her unique." No one, never did, that she's working hard to get to these emotions, and yet the emotions are so complex that it takes you by surprise."

Sarah Polley has made a career of defying convention. She is a serious actor who consistently acts herself. If acting is a serious enough way to spend her days, At 15, she left home to move into her own place in downtown Toronto. At 17, she dropped out of Grade 12—and acting—to devote herself to left-wing activism full time. During an offbeat debate protest at the Ontario legislature, she climbed over a barricade, got crushed in the stomach, and elbowed in the jaw by no police, who knocked out two of her teeth. Ingrating, Polley left on a hunger strike. Now, Polley remains politically active, a committed socialist. But recently she has redefined her career to become the hottest young star in the country.

In addition to *The Sweet Hereafter*, she is featured in two other new Canadian films this fall: *The Hanging Garden* and *The Heart of a Giant Boy*. She is currently shooting *White Liar*, a TV movie for the CBC. And she has successfully clinched a new role: as her role as a teenage babysitter in *The Sweet Hereafter*, she performs four songs on the sound track with a voice that has a stark, haunting beauty. Encouraged by the composer of the movie's sound track, Michael Harris, she even recorded an extra song titled "The Sweet Hereafter," to be released this week by Virgin Records as a radio single.

Meanwhile, American scripts are pouring in, along with critical plaudits. "The Sweet Hereafter was the best film at Cannes,"

says Taran, film critic for the Los Angeles Times, told MacLean's, "and the movie proves on her performance. If it doesn't ring true the whole movie fails apart. But it's not a fluffy party—it doesn't call attention to itself. And it's so well done you forget how difficult it is to do." Added Taran, "It comes as a surprise to me that she's an expert actress, because there was a timidity, an unadventurous quality that people who are young since they are held often lose."

But Polley remains deeply ambivalent about her success. "I go from being really excited to really uncomfortable with it," she says. "For someone who has acted since the age of 4, starred in a Hollywood movie (*The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*) at 8, and been a fixture of family television, she should be used to it by now. Spoiled by it. Yet she seems more and more self-conscious. 'I can't imagine any one being in the entertainment business as long as she has been so completely leveraged,' " says Egoyan. "I can't understand how it hasn't affected her. She's not self-absorbed, but in fact I think she forces herself to be socially constituted as an infinite to iteration."

For an interview, Polley chooses the Empire Cafè, an airy hangout on Toronto's Queen Street West. As she walks into the series in danger of being stranded for a novice star, Bradis do not turn. Conversations do not stop. Dressed in ragged blue jeans and a black top, Polley is fair and fine-boned, a slight, delicate figure, just five feet, two inches tall. She wears no makeup. Her pale blue hair is dark and textured. But there is something immediately striking about her small eyes, which are large and blue and alert with guarded intelligence.

Polley is cut of a different cloth. On camera, she bears a than resemblance to Ursula Thomass. "She has the kind of beauty that sneaks up on you, which always appeals to me," says Toronto actor Dan McFadden, who will begin working with Polley in *Last Night* his first feature as a director later this month. "She's very attractive. But she's not the kind of girl that you look at. She's got that healthy yet mature quality, and that inherent intelligence."

In person, there is nothing aloof about her. As soon as she sits down, Polley begins to talk with obvious delight in her arrival. Piling upon her the powers of her understated performance in *The Sweet Hereafter*, she says, "I always feel like I'm blabbing. The only way I find I'm not blabbing is to do nothing at all if really don't consider myself an actor, or a performer, but maybe as someone able to tell what ever said there is among actors who do us justice." *The Sweet Hereafter*, she adds, is the first time she has taken acting seriously. "We've given myself a very good sort of anxiety saying this [what] I want to do and say and it's nice for fun. This was a real job all of a sudden." Polley had played a small role, as a babysitter, in Egoyan's previous movie, *Fast Food*, but says she was "completely terrified" by the challenge of *The Sweet Hereafter*. "I looked at the cast and I looked at the script and I thought, 'Is this the only person who can do it?'

Based on the powerfully moving novel by American author Russell Banks, the movie revolves around a big-city lawyer (Sam Rockwell) who captures residents of a small rural community into song after a school-bus crash kills 14 children. The drama meets several family tragedies, principally an incestuous relationship between Polley's character, Nicole, who is impregnated in the crisis, and her father, Sam (Dan McDonald).

In portraying Nicole, who finds a repressive clarity in personal

A child star no more,
Sarah Polley takes the
road to movie stardom





The left-wing activist is deeply ambivalent about her success

SPECIAL REPORT

tanna, Polley drew on her own experience of losing her mother to cancer when she was 11. "I was in a daze, a very happy childhood daze," she recalls, "but basically I came out of it the second my mother died. I didn't really experience a standard grief. All of a sudden people became fascinating to me. I became very aware of people being three-dimensional, and having motives and angles. Things became very clear and logical, which is what happens to Nicole. Somehow my mother's death brought me a kind of joy, a kind of hope. And that confused a lot of people." Polley hastens to add that she loved her mother, but "never really reached the age where I got to know her as a person."

The pointiest of the children, Polley grew up in a show-business family. Her famous (born) father, Michael Polley, was a stage actor who moved to Canada and married her mother, Diane, an actress and costume director from Kingston, Ont. "She was a very precocious little child," recalls Michael, now 64 and retired from his second career in insurance. "She could read at a very young age. She would read all the songs lying around the house. Initially, my wife and I both disapproved from acting, but she was so born we eventually gave in."

Sarah's brother Mark acted on and off as a child, but the youngest Polley is the only one who stuck with it. At 4, Sarah landed her first role, a bit-part in Phillip Morris's *Gasoline炜reasur* (1993). Thirteen to TV work, and at 16 she starred in *Rainbow*, a PBS series based on the books by Beverly Cleary. "That is when I became a thorough b*tch," she recalls. The same year, she landed the lead in *Mauschwitz*, British director Terry Gilliam's epic *Tortilla Sun*. Shouting stretched over seven months, Gilliam, recalls Polley, "was just pure... I think he probably wanted his own daughter to play the part but wasn't willing to get her through 20-hour days, and explosions going off beside her head, and being in freezing cold water all day. I didn't have a good time."

After *Mauschwitz*, Polley knew that she would "never go to the States or do another big studio picture." And she has strong views about children going into show business. "I don't blame my parents, because they did everything they could to encourage me," she says. "But my kids won't do this, ever. It's not that it makes you grow up too

fast. It starts your growth. Because you're in a really finished, false world with completely screwed-up people trying to get ahead. I don't know if it's a very place for an adult, let alone a kid."

But at the time, as her father recalls, Sarah was a trooper. "She was so excited she didn't complain very much," he says. "It was only much later that we learned she shouldn't have been worked so hard." After the ordeal of *Mauschwitz*, Polley found a safe haven in *TV Movie*, a series produced by Toronto's Sunbeam Entertainment with the CBC, and the Disney Channel. At 16, she delivered a Grammys-winning performance as Cookery extra in the TV movie *Leslie's Diet*, and she began her one-year stint as Sara Stanley, the spiky human in *A road to Anna*.

Polley was fit to be splashed for Disney. During *The Gold Mine*, she wore a prance around her neck at an awards ceremony for children's television in Washington. Disney officials at her table had to take it off, and the 12-year-old Polley fled reduced. "After that, she says, Disney never called again, although she had previously gotten several auditions a year from the company. "And I told them if they wanted me to do publicity, I was going to say what I want. So that was the end of that. Just as I was I didn't really want to stand in Disney World and have everybody."

As she grew into her teens, Polley began to feel stifled by the cut-and-paste of *Anna*. She was like a small town kid longing for the action of the city. "I wasn't involved in the show mentally or emotionally," she recalls. "It wasn't the kind of thing I would watch. And the last couple of years I didn't really want to be there." But she stayed on, because of contractual obligations. "I can't believe that they have to agree to contractual obligations. I don't believe that they have to agree to contractual terms when they are five years old," she says. "I don't think it's a decision that you make when you're five; it should hold when you're 14."

In 1994, Polley finally broke out of her *TV Movie* shell to act in *Recess* and star in the *Strand Festival's* after-thriller *The Living Child*, winning acclaim for her first stage role. For a time, she also got involved with school and volunteered to go to Oshawa. But Polley left Toronto's Earl Bales Secondary School before graduating to plunge into politics. After working with various splinter groups, she worked for successful NDP candidate Peter Kormos in the 1995 provincial election, and in dedicated NDP candidate Mel Whalen in the 1999 federal election. She has volunteered with the Ontario-Caledon Against Poverty, and delivered sandwiches to

street kids waiting on Yonge Street. But she has tempered her stridency. "The biggest mistake I made," says Polley, "was attacking the press about politics, because it confirmed my worst fears. To pass yourself off as people thinking I'm doing it for my career—although it's ridiculous to be involved in left-wing politics for your career."

Seduced back into acting by surprise that she had to read, Polley has given herself a chance to discover herself through her work. "I think by the way," she says, "every character who I've played at the past two years has been exactly who I've been at that moment." Last year, as a vampish "Goth" girl in the CBC series *Straight Up*, she had the pleasure of bumping the sweet blond image from *Anna* in Mark Lepipe's heavy eyeliner and raven ring. And she played her first adult lead in the movie *For So Long* to Jeannine, a sweet but offbeat 16-year-old classmate lured by Peter Wellington, a noster director based in Toronto. "I'd never heard of him," says Wellington, "and I'd never seen her. I think she got wind of the script and was anxious to play a grown-up

role. I probably acted it out a lot more with men on the set, when I realized that moving into their laps had a certain gravity to it."

The last in the film series of *The Sweet November* is presented as a romance—sort of, if creepily convenient. "I'm not sure if you can use the word 'romantic' when it's a father and daughter," says Polley. "But it's not that Nicole's mother likes her. She is sexual being. I think what's really damaging in our culture is talk about things like that. Because people then go around feeling like freaks. Or people like her, because they were mentored by their fathers." Then she adds, "You talked to [daughter] who did led pleasure, and as a result they are lost and angry and feel completely destroyed by it. But they don't deny the physical pleasure."

Polley's relationship with her own father, she says, is superdodgy but unusually healthy. "We're like best friends," she explains. "I don't think he's ever fallen into the role of traditional parenting, and I've never felt the role of being a daughter. Every time I have a decision to make, he's the one whose advice I seek, perhaps because he refuses to give it. He's got kind of a god-like presence in my family."

Michael Polley, in fact, is about as far from the diva-like. This month, he will move from his country house in Aarons, Ont., to downtown Toronto—just two blocks from the Victorian house that Polley shares with her sister-in-law. But Michael will be missed. His range of the灰色 tone one might expect from the sole parent of a child who left home at 15, dropped out of school and tested her sheltered life against her father's. "I was at her best when she was out of father with society in some way," he says. "The thing I'm really blood about her is the way she's resisted all attempts to turn her into a socialized girl. She doesn't even drink coffee up in the half-light."

Sarah's father recalls working on a play in 1866 with actor Albert Polley. "I remember him telling me at one point he says, 'We're neither bloody stupid, nor are we just poor.' We just don't bloody job anyone else, like someone in a factory except we get longer hours." It's that kind of belief that Polley always had about Sarah. She may say it's a job to the bone, and not some great and glorious rule. As in Sarah's opinion, Michael says, "That's the highlight, although I may never make a big one. The bottom because it'll probably happen again in my later life."

Polley is now approaching the coddling-onionously. US magazines have begun to notice her. Elle included her as its list of 125 people to watch, and *The Sweet November*'s US distributor has prompted the movie's release next October, hoping to capitalize on possible Oscar nominations. Polley, however, taking her lead to remain steadfastly unaffected by it. "There have been a whole bunch of phone calls," she says.

"I thought that might or might not happen. That a lot of Canadian actors have been bypassed in the past and then they just had to knock to bring what they did before. I didn't want to earn enough that it would screw me up." As *The Sweet November's* première in Cannes, Polley got a taste of glamour. One day she was a anarchist in the thick of protesting for Melville, and the next she was making a kissass in *Bogushevitch*. "Cannes was weird for me," she says. "I thought 'There's an element of real magic to it, and you get really swept up. You can become consumed by the atmosphere.' I mean it's a minute to 2. But you wake up the next morning, and have to live with what you really did. And you're not a really big movie star. You're just blonde."

Giddily, Polley happens a dress for the Cannes première, a non-existent one and goes. "So what did she wear?" *The Sweet November's* opening night screening at the *Théâtre Lumière*. "Oh, probably the same dress as in *Cannes*," she sighs. "The one of those people who has to buy something new for every function. When I bought the dress, I figured I could wear it at least three years."



The actor in *Anastasia*, Straight Up, *It's So Mean*, *Junior Brown* and *Sweet November*. You never know what she's working hard to keep in these shadows, and yet the numbers are so complex that it takes you by surprise.'



HOW SWEET IT IS

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Inevitably, directors get tired of their own voices. And after directing *The Sweet Hereafter*, Atom Egoyan watched it so many times that by the time it premiered at the Cannes Film Festival last May, he is longer knew what to make of it. But his mouth—relished after mentioning it with his wife, actress Arsinée Khanjian, and their four-year-old son, Arshil—the Canadian filmmaker was ready to take a fresh look at *The Sweet Hereafter*. The occasion was a grueling screening in Toronto for the Directors Guild of Canada. Halfway through the fire alarm went off. There was no fire, but the fire alarm was soon filled with the noise. "It was so bizarre," recalls Egoyan. "Usually firemen are all like, 'Everybody leave, it's building now.' But they were so calm. They were thrilled because they'd read about the film. So I ended up doing a photo session with all those firemen. They'd wanted pictures, and they got to see their cards."

Atom Egoyan is hot stuff in the fire hall, perhaps it is official that he has finally made it into the mainstream. Not too many years ago, despite his popularity in Europe, Egoyan's name in North America was synonymous with cinema's art-house fringe. But *Before* (1994), his heart-rending drama of schoolboy strip tease and adult bewilderment, was a modest hit, grossing \$15 million. Now, *The Sweet Hereafter*, Egoyan's seventh feature, takes his career to a new watershed. To the consternation of many critics, the film finished short of winning the Palme d'Or at the big prize at Cannes, but it received more awards and recognition in the festival's second place, Grand Jury Prize, the International Critics Prize, and the Grand Prize of Jerry Paris.

The Sweet Hereafter also marks a departure for Egoyan. Based on the 1991 novel by Russell Banks, it is his first script adapted from another source. And although the film's tone of acute existential paradox is familiar from his previous work, for once its characters are to normally normal people. Putting in the B.C. interior the 37-year-old director also left behind urban chauvinophobia and laid his career into Canada's wilderness for the first time.

But shooting in the mountains "wasn't that shooting," says Egoyan, sipping an espresso in the kitchen of the converted house that serves as his production office in downtown Toronto. "I was raised on the West Coast, so instant beauty is part of me." (Born in Costa Rica to Armenian parents, he moved to Victoria at the age of 21.) "What makes this film such a huge step forward," he adds, "is that the first time you can identify with the characters. You're not outside them. In all my other films, the characters have been fragments or aspects of my own personality. They were people looking for their



The movie maker, thoughtful at Cannes, and a shift to literary adaptations

own identity through rituals or gestures. But they were just that. Now we feel us.

So does that mean that all those sayers who felt stymied by his films were right about him? "No—figures made by his original work, but he left it had reached an impasse." After *Before*, I ask, that everything I was writing I had dealt with somehow before," he says. "I was reading water. I have several attractions to the grotesque and the absurd, and extreme and observational behavior, but I can almost predict that. I want to surprise myself and surprise others." Adds the director: "I think my filmmakers are going to be split between projects I write myself, which will become smaller and more intimate

and their adaptations, which I really enjoy."

Egoyan's career, a kind of multifaceted work in progress, extends beyond *The Sweet Hereafter* a run for his money as a directional Renaissance man, to be writing a libretto for an opera titled *Blossomtime*. He will direct *De Gruy Expressionist*, a new work by leading British composer Gavin Bryars, for the English National Opera in London next spring. In November, Egoyan is remaking his previous version of the opera *Salone* with the Vancouver Opera. And he is currently polishing off his contributions to a chapter series of short plays called *Yu Yu Mu*—a playful fable in which Macbeth's innocent gate crasher gets stuck in traffic on his way to a concert, and then becomes lost in the audience.

The next major project, meanwhile, is another literary adaptation. Backed by Mel Gibson's Icon Productions at Los Angeles, Egoyan is writing and directing a screen version of *Felicia's Journey*, based on the 1998 novel by Irish author William Trevor. Trevor was involved in Egoyan's last brush with Hollywood—as the producer of *Dead Sleep*, a thriller that he was preparing to direct two years ago. After a quarrel with Warner Bros., over casting the female lead, Egoyan backed out, and *Dead Sleep* was dead in the water.

The director seems to hunger locally in actors. Aside from his affinities for minimalist themes, one of the quintessentially Canadian things about him is that he—like his older colleague David Cronenberg—is a notoriously picky actor. David Cronenberg, in a television interview, says the hardest part of working with an egomaniac director "is if he was a really bad-like-actor," she suggests. "I think I'd still want to work with him."

Egoyan brags that he has a sense of fun to the set. Action is irreducible; his playful, almost childlike inclination with the creative process. But the director compensates it with a cerebral respect for control—like the director's cut in *The Adjustment Bureau* or the changes in *Exotica* or the changes in his current film. There is a scene in *The Sweet Hereafter* where Stephen, the lawyer, tells the driver who crashed the school bus that the most lesson to express her suffering for the sake of his client. When she finally does so, and is overwhelmed by grief, he gently exclaims off: "And then what happened?" Egoyan can identify. "That's what a director does," he says. "We get a sensible length to reduce an actor to do something, only to discover it it doesn't work for us."

Egoyan, meanwhile, seems delighted with Egoyan's treatment of *The Sweet Hereafter*, although the director shifted the setting from New England to British Columbia, reordered the narrative structures, added a car scene while at the opening, stripped the story of its desirability/drive, chose, and

embellished it with readings from *The Red Paper of魁北克*. "It's a brilliant film," Banks told *Maclean's* in Cannes. "He's disassembled my novel and reassembled it like a mosaic. And he doesn't judge any of the characters." The *Red Paper* itself, Banks added, gives the story the quality of a fable, and he would have used it in the novel if it had occurred to him.

But perhaps Egoyan's boldest invention is as purveyor of the sweet between the terrors. Meike (Sarah Polley) and her father, born (Tom McCrory), lie drunk in a candlelit bower in a gauzy romantic reverie, as if seen through the girl's confused eyes. "A lot of people will be quite shocked by it," says the director, "because they won't quite know what they're supposed to feel. But that's exactly what Meike is experiencing." Then he adds, "I try to share things that haven't been shown before. And what we have never seen is that type of forest from the viewpoint of the person who's going through it."

The Sweet Hereafter, meanwhile, offers more natural performances than any of Egoyan's previous work. "These characters were fully formed," he says, "and I knew that the smart thing to do would be to explore them." British stage veteran Ian McKellen stars as the embodiment-chasing lawyer, Mitchell Stephens—replacing Donald Sutherland, who dropped out 30 days before cameras were set to roll last winter. But the cast is rounded out by Canadian shakers of ether Egoyan finds Bruce Greenwood, Catherine Ross, Moira Chapple, Polley and Vaughan.

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For an idea to take root,

people must
turn good intention



into purposeful action



Only then will the idea
grow and take on a life
of its own



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Janyang Wangchuk, Pictured in
Seven Years in Tibet, scene
from *Fairytales* (below),
childhood innocence

SPECIAL REPORT

THE SACRED AND PROFANE

I t begins with an intimate Canadian movie shot in the mountains of British Columbia, and ends with a grand Hollywood epic set in the mountains of Tibet. In between is a hodgepodge of cinema that spans from backstage Broadway to backwoods Bulgaria, from the dance floors of South Africa to the sugar alleys of Singapore. This week, the 22nd annual Toronto International Film Festival (Sept. 4 to 10)—the largest event of its kind in North America—goes to the glitz. After Hayao Miyazaki's *The Spirit World*, which opens the festival, and Jeanneke Anstett's *Seven Years in Tibet*, which ends it 10 days later with a premiere of Brad Pitt in the flesh, are worlds apart. But they represent the split personality of a festival that, like its counterpart in Cannes, has learned to reconcile the sacred and profane extremes of cinema, the high art and the celebrity voyeurism.

The festival, which attracts 380 films from 58 countries, generates a feeding frenzy among Toronto film buffs. When its doors open, box office opened last Friday, a two-hour line of ticket-holders stretches to reserve seats stretched for several blocks. The festival has also become an industry mecca, a schmooze-fest for producers, distributors, agents and actors. Some of the stars expected to show up this year, aside from Pitt, Anthony Hopkins, Robert Daval, Jeremy Irons, Alec Baldwin, Kim Basinger, Dennis De Vito, David Suchet



Diane Delil, *Homeless in Welcome* or *Janyang*: a number of films focus on human innocence

and, Rose Martin, William Hart, Kevin Kline, Kevin Spacey, Christian Slater, Isabella Wright, Christopher Walken, Samuel L. Jackson, Elle Macpherson and French Power.

There is always a danger, of course, that small films with undiscovered talents can get lost in the celebrity glare. And制片人 director for *Piers Handling* admits he gets frustrated by the attention given to his movies on visiting stars. But the Hollywood show of starry delights, the spousals and hellos subdivide the festival's less commercial fare, such as the African and Latin American programs. Besides, adds Handling, "there are so many stars who want to come [sic] Jon Mitchell, who only did the music for a film [*Mystic River*], wants to come. Carol Burnett [hosted] in the documentary *Mosaic* over Broadways stars to come. What are we going to say—don't come?"

Handling insists that the festival's real stars are still the films. And this year's lineup looks substantive. When you throw together several hundred new films from around the world, it is like sampling the roulette. Whether by serendipity or design, some exciting patterns emerge. In fact, the opening and closing night movies—*The Sweet Broccoli* and *Seven Years in Tibet*—happen to represent two prominent trends in this year's crop, both of which focus on children, and both are adapted from novels.

The sense of trust between adults and children crops up again and

again—in films haunted by a yearning sense of parental responsibility towards children shadowed with innocence and wisdom. In *The Sweet Broccoli*, a teenage girl (Sarah Polley) is parented out of an incestuous relationship with her father. Seven Years in Tibet focuses on an 11-year-old Dalai Lama (Janyang Wangchuk), who learns the ways of the world from an Austrian clarinet player (Heldt). Austin Powers, Iranian director Jafar Panahi's sequel to his impressive debut, *The White Balcony*, a young girl gets lost in the street among insatiable adults. But British director Charles Sturridge alters the strange climax into a child's imagination with *Skylapse*. A True Story, based on the 1917 controversy over two English girls who produced snapshots of babies in a sauna garden if the photographic experts could not dispel. Peter O'Toole plays Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who

was smuggled out of the country during the war, despite a group of students whose protest got them into trouble on the eve of the Second World War. And in the whimsical *Thulasa, Thulase, Return to the Sea*, a mischievous band of Belgian peasant children campers are abandoned while their Jaguar convertible and driver drift to the coast. While the Italian films shed light on a part of the world usually seen only through news clippings, there is also a surprising number of movies that illuminate the literary landscape. Most are period pieces. Literary adaptations include two versions of Henry James novels about inappropriate romances: Agnieszka Holland's *Washington Square*, with Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Tom Stoppard's *Ring of the Dove*, featuring Helen Mirren. Carter Burwell and Diane Keaton star in *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, based on George Orwell's great satirical love story about an aspiring poet and a woman in advertising. Dutch director Marloes Goris follows up her Oscar-nominated *Amsterdam* with an adaptation of Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, starring Vanessa Redgrave. Bringing in yet another literary heroine, Belgian director Daniel Segal's *Saint from the Sea*, based on *Avery Fister*, Joseph Conrad's short story about a seaman's tragic romance with a shipwrecked under-

sea. In more contemporary vein, there are two film adaptations set against the horrors of 1700-year-old warfare: *Age of Empires*, a powerful Indian drama based on Pat Barker's acclaimed novel, features Joaquin Phoenix in a psychological struggle with shell-shocked soldiers who leave from the trenches of the First World War; and Spain's *Madame Llanquihue* makes his feature debut with a new twist on Stephen Vincent's novel *In Praise of Older Women*, redefining love the vaguest of the backlog of the Spanish *Casa Vieja*.

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Despite the large number of feature debuts—45 of the festival's 300 films are from first-time directors—the program also includes new work by some established stars of American and global cinema. Following the success of last year's *Love Story*, Julia Stiles embarks *Love and Gon*. Love and Gon is a modern western set on the U.S.-Mexican border. Crossing that frontier, Stiles' new movie is set in Mexico, where she stars in Spanish, in a tale about a cattle rancher and Indian country. Her jarringly weighty *With You in Mind*, a rough-hewn documentary by a rocker Neil Young's 2004 tour. Other documentary filmmakers include Michael Moore (*Roger & Me*), who returns with *Big Oss*, a chronicle of his iconoclastic tour to promote his book *Bowling for Columbine*; and Bill and Eileen Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*), presents a gallery of eccentricities in *Post-Convict Out of Control*.

While the festival showcases films from around the world, the money at which may never recover commercial distribution, it also serves as the year's most important venue for new Canadian movies. The 21 features in the Perspective Canada program are wildly diverse. But there is a bizarre commonality. In both *The Hanging Garden*, a compelling live history by Bulgarian director Tsvetan Georgiev, and *The Player's Capital*, a somber urban parable by Canadian filmmaker Gordie Radich, the main character is a 25-year-old drudge boy in another coincidence, Toronto director Ken Stagland has made a brutal little action movie called *Mess With God*, just like the *Singapore Gripes*. Perhaps he should think of a new title, though, as the Toronto fest goes out of its way to celebrate independent talent, and Canadian cinema, sometimes it makes sense to defer to a master.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Toronto's festival gets stars, big movies and cinematic curiosities

jerome to the children's disease, while Harvey Keitel plays escape artist Harry Houdini, who confronts their claim as a fraud.

Children also figure heavily in a number of films set in Australia states. In *Elle in Serevita*, an arthouse off-lucketary, Australian auteur Tahar Rahim returns to the Bosnian capital—where his mother was born—and Elle as an emotional portrait of the embattled city that leaves on two young girls. On a more lassish scale, British director Michael Winterbottom's harrowing *Home to Somewhere* tells the true story of a journalist trying to smuggle a child out of Bosnia. The film presents a suspenseful, heartrending bit of an incident drama, documentary footage and TV news clips, with the Rolling Stones on the sound track and an electric cast that includes Woody Harrelson, Marion Cotillard and Stephen Dillane. *The Perfect Circle* is a similar story of rescuing Sarajevo children. It is a more horrific film. A Bosnian refugee man who was seriously maimed during the war (but in both movies, devastatingly poignant) of Sarajevo's hospital-wounded mother in the city the central character.

Peter Cook is one of 17 films in a special festival program an arid digression into British cinema. A number of them focus on the war and once again children are everywhere. In fact, a school bus filled with classmates on a field trip gets targeted between two army barracks on a high mountain road in Slovenia. Bosnian director Age, which

GLOBAL VISIONS IN MONTREAL

With American movies taking over the big screen from Japan to France, the Montreal World Film Festival has cast itself as an important *defender* of the non-Hollywood film. Other cinema gatekeepers may strive for acceptance by courting Hollywood stars and power brokers like Montreal, writer/director Serge Losique's official program, remains a place "where local cinema is never sacrificed on the altar of media spectacle." Losique's distaste for Hollywood-style glam may stem more from necessity than choice. Montreal's 23-year-old festival used to rank among the top festivals in the world and boast about attracting stars such as Jane Fonda and Christopher Reeve. In recent years, however, it has steadily been surpassed by the Toronto International Film Festival, which *The New York Times* has declared the "North American Cannes."

Perhaps as a coping strategy, Montreal's devoted movie peddlers shell an encouraging umbrella diversity and making its movies as accessible as possible to the viewer-at-large. In this respect, it remains extremely successful. Some critics expect that the festival—which selected 413 films during this year's Aug. 29 to Sept. 3 run—needs to be more selective. But Daniel Cauvelier, a festival program man and vice-president, says moviegoers can "select their own festival," choosing to attend strictly Latin American or Asian films if they are so inclined.

Dreams by movies from more than 50 countries and underpinned by the fact that just about the only Hollywood star to introduce this year's jury president Isabelle Huppert, the public keeps coming. On the last few days of summer even the most obscure films were managing to attract a decent audience. "I'm a fanatic for the movies," explains Sandra Phil, who has arrived for a 10 a.m. screening on a weekday morning. "I take a week off work and we do the marathons because the evenings are more crowded."



Blessed few U.S. stars turn down 80-plus countries

Diversity rules at the 21-year-old festival

Ironically, while films at the Montreal festival are lining up to see movies from around the world, the moviegoing public abroad is flocking to Hollywood blockbusters rather than domestically produced films. Leaving through the 1997 edition of the *Montreal International Film Guide*, Cauvelier points to one country after another where the top 10 movies in the box office are almost all from the United States. "The Americans have the ability to make films to

please very large audiences," she explains. "In Hollywood, they hold test screenings and the ultimate decision-maker is the public. If an audience doesn't like the way a film ends, the studio will change it."

European film-makers, on the other hand, will still keep a happy ending and let the hero live. As for the Japanese, their most talked-about film of the year is the story of a murderer who has an obsessive relationship with an ex! Directed by Shunji Iwai, *The End* was the co-winner of the Palme d'Or at this year's Cannes Film Festival and is being showcased in Montreal, although it is not in competition. Even among die-hard genre buffs, however, *The End* is something of a hard sell.

These Canadian films attracted attention, although they were not in competition for the festival's grand prize. There was considerable buzz around *Wings of Guy Madela's* eerie *Thought of You*, Canadian-born director Daniel Picard's *Bernard Malamud* adaptation, *The Apartment*, and National Film Board stalwart Margaret Weisz's documentary about Indians through the ages, *Stolen Memories*. The two Canadian features included among the 21 films in competition were directed by francophones Quebec filmmaker Olivier Assayas's *Le Silence du Seigneur* and Michel Poulet's *Le Correspondant*. The former is the tale of a young 18th-century scientist who tries to recover the soul of a drowning, while the latter focuses on a policeman investigating the occupancy of a holiday house.

Since this year's festival features a special section on Iranian cinema, it is hardly surprising that there is also an Iranian film in competition. *The Civilization of Women*, directed by Majid Majidi, is, like many of the Iranian films now finding a broader international audience, about children. By focusing on young people and everyday life, the festival's 10 Iranian films, most of which were made under the auspices of the Islamic cinema foundation, have managed to avoid censorship at home.

But not all the Iranian films are strictly apolitical. Programmer Cauvelier cites the example of *Land Is Under My*, a comedy on the unlikely subject of the Iran-Iraq War which makes the point that, for many Iranians, the urge to fight in this so-called holy war was financial rather than religious at home.

War was also the subject of one of the festival's biggest-drawing movies, *China's The Gibson Girl*, directed by Xie Jin. Released in Hong Kong in July to celebrate the return of the colony to China, the film details the 1940 conflict over China's efforts to ban the British import. It not only pleased the critics but had moviegoers lined up around the block. The 2½-hour drama was as lavish as any Hollywood production and proved that, even in Montreal, festival audiences will enjoy a dose of glitz. What remains to be seen, however, is whether or not a made-in-China extravaganza can achieve international box-office success outside a film festival.

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Weather

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of the century

Weather warnings

BY MARK NOCHOLS

Early last year, climate forecasters at the University of British Columbia formed a committee with a sophisticated pattern-spotting program modelled on the human brain. Fed with data on wind patterns, soil surface water temperatures in the southeastern Pacific, the program paid off in May when the UBC team was among the first to spot the emergence of a powerful, and potentially devastating, weather event—the penultimate superheating of some water off the west coast of South America known as El Niño. That could be good news for many Canadians—some forecasters predict that a reorganization of global weather patterns resulting from an unusually warm El Niño could mean a milder winter and below-normal rainfall in southern parts of the country. Globally, however, it could be a very different story. In 1988-1989, storms, flooding and drought caused by El Niño killed more than 1,000 people and wreaked an estimated \$10 billion in damage. "This one could be just as strong," says meteorologist Wallace Hall, a member of the UBC climate group—but even stronger.

The setting is foreboding: if it will be a very big one indeed. At a conference of climatologists in Geneva last month, Judith Shukla, head of the Washington-based Institute of Global Environment and Society, predicted that the new El Niño could be "the climate event of the century." The periodic heating of the equatorial Pacific has been known for hundreds of years to Peruvian fisherman, who named it after Jesus—El Niño means the Christ child.

Spanish—because the event usually peaks around Christmas. The current one is already making its presence known. Parched conditions are starving rice and grain crops in the Philippines and threatening coffee plants in Indonesia. Fears that disrupted weather patterns could shoot harvests in Africa and Latin America pushed up coffee and cacao prices last week on international commodity markets. But the overall effects of El Niño are difficult to predict, says Apar Shabbar, a Toronto-based Environment Canada climatologist, "because these events affect different parts of the world in different ways—and no two El Niños are alike."

Improved weather monitoring over the past decade has helped scientists learn more about El Niño, which begins to form when an intense interplay of air and ocean alters the dynamics of moisture trade winds along the equator. Warm water from the western Pacific moves across the ocean and builds up in a wedge-shaped mass off the coast of South America. As the unusually chilly waters of the region heat up, by as much as 17° C, masses of water are sent into the atmosphere, altering global weather patterns to cause drier than usual conditions in Southeast Asia and abnormal rains in parts of South America. To the north, the results are harder to predict. But as the evidence so far, U.S. forecasters are predicting heavy rainfall in California, across most of the American Southwest and as far east as Florida this winter—the same kind of图案 that brought devastating floods and mud slides to parts of the United States in the early 1980s.

For Canada, much will depend on changes in the jet streams—the mighty air currents that blow at between 15,000 and 30,000 feet, or

Pacific warming could foretell climate chaos

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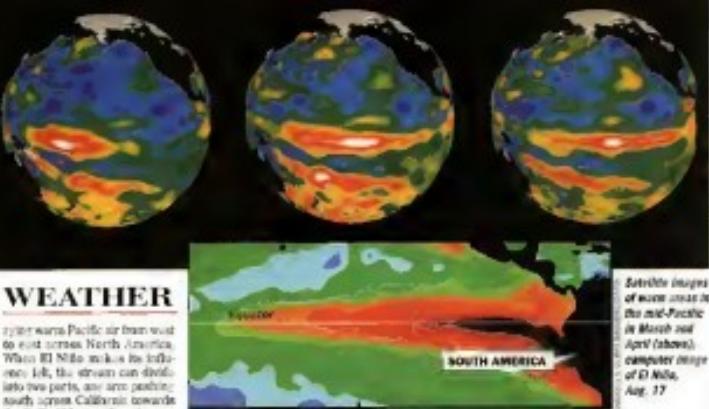
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WEATHER

warmer Pacific air from west to east across North America. When El Niño strikes its influence like the stream can divide into two parts, one arc passing south across California towards the Gulf of Mexico, the other continuing at a much higher latitude than usual from southern British Columbia across Canada to 1982's El Niño. El Niño's influence of the jet stream raised temperatures in some parts of Canada by as much as 6°C, although not all regions benefitted; the eastern Arctic endured an unusually bitter winter when the jet stream passed below the region.

The overall result will be similar this time. Although the Yukon and Northwest Territories may be in for more snow than normal,

snowfall, though resort operators insist that state-of-the-art snow-making equipment can easily reduce it to near shortage levels of those. Meanwhile, as early as this fall El Niño could shift the U.S. eastern seaboard from the often destructive effects of Hurricane, some of which play out in storms over the Atlantic provinces. The reason El Niño typically produces strong westerly winds that can disperse weather disturbances in the southern Atlantic before they mature into hurricanes.

Scientists are still debating whether stronger El Niños may be a result of a slight increase in global temperatures recorded in recent decades. So far in this century, notes Shulkin, there have been about 25 El Niños, but since the early 1980s the pace seems to have increased. The last two came in rapid succession, from 1991 to 1992 and 1994 to 1995, though they were relatively mild phenomena.

"They're both the El Niños are being caused by global warming," says Shulkin. "Orf

could even be that it's the other way around—the El Niños might be contributing to global warming." Other experts don't feel global warming is a factor.

"We don't really see any connection," says Vernon Kousky, a research meteorologist with the U.S. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Camp Springs, Md. "This phenomenon has been around for a long time, and it has always shown a tremendous variability."

What is certain, says Shulkin, is that surface water temperatures in the eastern Pacific are currently running at between 25°C and 27°C—compared with the usual 23°C to 25°C—and that's about as high as we've ever seen them at this time of the year. Expenses suggest that, if the conditions permit, El Niño 1987-1988 could go down in history as a mentor of true climatic chaos.

A warm winter could also bring a welcome reduction in many Canadian heating bills. But less rain and snow might diminish the flow of water needed to generate hydroelectric power in some provinces. And the ski industry in some parts of the country could

EL NIÑO'S IMPACT ON CANADA



AIDS Walk Canada

Prevention of HIV—the difficult challenge of reaching those most at risk

A

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Those words were never spoken when it comes to the transmission of HIV, a changing but still deadly epidemic in Canada and around the world.

As the epidemic continues, the need for effective, targeted prevention programs has never been more acute. The Canadian AIDS Society and its member groups across the country raise funds every year to help put effective programs in place.

Targeted campaigns have already paid off in other countries like Australia, Uganda, and Thailand.

Perhaps the most difficult sector to reach are those using injection drugs. Statistics show that this group represents the most dramatic increase in the use of HIV transmission in Canada, particularly in urban areas like Montreal, Vancouver and Ottawa.

"We want to help Canadians who may not consider health their number one priority — people like the homeless or the mentally ill whose primary needs may be shelter, food and safety. For prevention programs to work, we need to apply an approach that includes counselling and support," said Ms. Tovstich.

Also of concern is the fact that Canadians infected with HIV are becoming younger and younger. Between 1985 and 1990, the median age of HIV infection was 23 years of age, down from 32 years of age for those infected before 1983.

Still, knowing how to teach teenagers is not an easy task. According to the Canadian AIDS Society Youth Project Coordinator Mac-André Le Blanc, recent research has helped develop a solid effort in gaining the attention of Canadian young people.

"With teenagers, success comes if they get involved in their own prevention programs," he said. "Since the beginning of time, what's really important for youth is to be part of a peer group. So when programs give them a sense of belonging, where they have the confidence to speak and share ideas, then messages of caution begin to sink in. We're really optimistic that we're going to make a difference for the next generation."



"We know prevention works and as a strategy is a cost effective way of responding to the AIDS epidemic in Canada," said Tasha Vovsić, a National Programs consultant with the Canadian AIDS Society. "Education programs can reduce the rate of HIV transmission by helping people understand how to minimize their risks."

Targeting those at risk for infection of HIV is becoming more of a challenge as the numbers of those infected in the 15-year-old epidemic continue to rise at an alarming rate. While deaths due to AIDS have decreased sharply within the last two years, the rate of infection, particularly in Canada, is rising among those most difficult to reach.

"We are really pleased that death due to AIDS has begun to decline," said Russell Armstrong, Executive Director of the Canadian AIDS Society. "But the new statistics are still a worry. We can expect 3,000 to 5,000 new cases of HIV infection this year. Most of these individuals are young gay men, women, Aboriginal

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AIDS Walk Canada

A glimmer of hope in new AIDS treatments

Medical advances in the treatment of AIDS are moving at lightning speed, offering a glimmer of hope for the 50,000 Canadian men, women, and children infected with HIV. For some of these people, new drugs called protease inhibitors have bought some valuable time. But experts warn that while new treatments are prolonging the lives of some of those diagnosed with HIV, there is still no cure for AIDS.

"Since the development of new treatments, we have seen some astonishing recoveries," said Rodney Kart, a National Programs consultant with the Canadian AIDS Society. "But we have to keep working on the research. Up till now, the new treatments mean a remission, not a cure."

Indeed, the new treatment, which usually consists of a combination of antiviral drugs like AZT, 3TC, and a protease inhibitor such as saquinavir, Ritonavir, or indinavir, is hardly the apple-a-day of therapy. The treatment regimens are complex and must be followed to the letter to be effective.

"The triple combination therapy works for many people, but not for all," said Kart. "And when it does work, the success of the treatment varies depending on the individual. We're still dealing with many unknown factors when it comes to these drugs."

Combination therapy is potent but it is also toxic. Severe side effects like nausea, chronic diarrhea, anemia, liver dysfunction, and possibly diabetes, can at times be worse than the symptoms of the disease itself. And there is no comforting the fear many patients experience about the long term effects of these drugs — all of which are completely unknown.

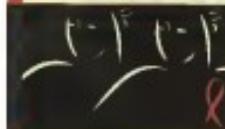
While the current therapy is by no means a panacea, it does offer hope to those with HIV/AIDS. The biggest hurdle for many, however, is not dealing with the side effects; rather it's the high cost and limited accessibility of the drugs.

"The cost of triple combination therapy is about \$1,500 a month," said Brian Huskins, Board Chairman of the Canadian AIDS Society and a person living with HIV. "That cost can increase to about \$2,300 for those needing more aggressive therapy. Who except those on good drug plans can afford these costs? What percentage of the world's AIDS cases have universal drug plans? I can assure you — it's a very slim percentage."

The Canadian AIDS Society and its member groups across the country are walking toward a goal of ensuring that persons living with HIV/AIDS get the treatment they need.

"The national AIDS Walk is a good way for all Canadians to join together to help resolve an issue that in one way or another affects us all," Huskins explained. "We walk for a cure but we also walk to demonstrate that we can be a better, more forgiving, and kinder society."

AIDS Walk Canada, an annual fundraising and awareness event, will be held in over 60 centres across Canada on Sunday, September 23. The walk will be followed by AIDS Awareness Week, seven days of education sessions and special events to help all Canadians learn more about the issue of AIDS in their nation.



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Health

A cancer in decline

Diet change and rectal examinations pay off

In July 1994, Cindy Stewart was playing first base in a Vancouver softball game when she stretched to catch a ball—and felt a sharp pain in her lower abdomen. When the pain persisted, Stewart checked into hospital and, after testing, was diagnosed with colon cancer. Because the cancer had spread, surgeons removed part of her bowel, one of her ovaries and four lymph nodes. After that, she endured a year of painful chemotherapy. But for Stewart, now 33, "the worst part of it all was the emotional trauma," stemming from the bowel edge: but only about one-third of patients operated on for advanced colon cancer are alive five years later. Even so, Stewart is determined to keep her life on course. A single parent with a 10-year-old daughter, Stewart, an accountant, is studying for a master's degree in business administration at the University of British Columbia. Every six months, she undergoes extensive tests and, so far, she appears to be free of cancer. "Things are looking pretty good," says Stewart. "But the fear never leaves—because I know the cancer can come back."

After long cancer, tumors of the colon and rectum are the deadliest; this year, an estimated 16,400 Canadians will be diagnosed with colorectal cancer, and about 3,200 men and 2,700 women will die of the disease. Despite those stark statistics, the mortality rate for colorectal cancer has steadily declined in North America during the past two decades. And improved diagnostic methods now make it possible to catch and treat the disease early on. Studies have shown that a simple test to detect telltale traces of blood in a patient's feces can save lives. And some specialists argue that colon cancer can be all but eliminated by screening patients over 50 with a colonoscope—a flexible tube inserted through the length of the colon—and removing purple-like growth called polyps, thought to be precursors of the disease. Says Dr. Warren Riddell, a Toronto colorectal surgeon: "This is the only internal cancer that can be prevented before it starts." Riddell thinks everyone over 50 should undergo the once-a-tablet procedure, although some medical experts argue that screening of the whole population would impose a prohibitive burden on the health-care system.

At the same time, scientists are steadily gaining insight into factors that can cause the genetic machinery in cells lining the colon's wall to run amok. In a major breakthrough, researchers at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins

University last week reported a genetic flaw that may be responsible for one in every four colon cancer cases among Jews of European descent. The finding means that a single blood test may soon be available to determine which of Canada's more than 300,000 Ashkenazi Jews are at risk. And "the broad implication," said Johns Hopkins' geneticist Steven Lalos, "is that there are genes in other

University hospitals that are responsible for colon cancer in other ethnic groups."

In fact, researchers estimate as many as half of all colorectal cancers may be caused by inherited defects. The most common because of carcinogens—substances inhaled or swallowed, or made by the bacteria that thrive in the colon, or large intestine, the 18-foot-long tube that runs from the end of the small intestine to the anus. A range of symptoms—rectal bleeding, diarrhea, constipation and abdominal cramps—is the only warning of colctal cancer. To investigate, physicians conduct a colonoscopy and when polyps—which may already be cancerous—are spotted, they snare them with a wire loop, then

seal a jet of electricity through the circuit to zap them off. Colonoscopies can also reveal cancer that has begun to spread, meaning surgery is probably the next step. If the cancer has not spread, surgery can be a cure in as many as 80 per cent of cases. Often, to be on the safe side, surgeons remove most or all of the rectum, a procedure that stretches to 80 years ago, doctors turned to the misery of carrying plastic colostomy bags to capture wastes. Now, thanks to improved medical technology, surgeons can usually stretch the remainder of the bowel and staple it to a remnant of the rectum. But if cancer has spread to the lymph nodes or to nearby organs before being detected, surgery is often impossible—and chemotherapy and radiation treatment can, at best, add months to patients' lives.

Physicians generally believe there are



Medicals with colonoscopy equipment: a lot of high-risk food puts people at risk

ways for most people to protect themselves against colorectal cancer—by making as regular rectal examinations, and by watching what they eat. Persuasive evidence suggests that a diet low in animal fats and high in fruit and vegetables can help lead off the disease. "There is almost certainly a role for diet," says Dr. Brian Mulroney, a colorectal surgeon at Halifax's Queen Elizabeth II Health Sciences Centre, "and people who eat a lot of high-fat foods are probably at risk." While putting broccoli before burgers may not always be tempting to some, it could save lives.

MARK NICHOLS

Fees take flight

From a financial perspective, the 1990s have not been kind to Canadian university students. Federal and provincial grants have steadily declined and tuition fees have risen relentlessly. And last week, Statistics Canada delivered another blow at news for students returning to university this fall: fees are going up again, everywhere except in Quebec. B.C. undergraduate arts students will face the smallest increase—17 per cent, pushing the registration fee for five courses to \$2,705, whereas in Newfoundland it's a jump to \$3,151, down from \$2,687, an 18-per-cent hike. The inevitable result of higher fees and lower grants has been bigger debt loads. In 1990, students with undergraduate degrees were, on average, in debt to the tune of \$8,700 when they graduated. By 1996, the figure had swelled to \$17,000, according to federal government estimates and by next spring the anticipated average is expected to reach \$25,000. Nor is there any relief in sight. Toronto-based Trinbrook Investment Management Inc. recently released a report predicting that by 2005 a four-year degree will cost \$67,500. But student organizers and activists say they hope to reverse the trend. "We're continuously lobbying the federal and provincial governments against fee increases," says Jennifer Stacey, deputy chairman of the Ottawa-based Canadian Federation of Students. "Our strategy is to focus on the government's responsibility to maintain two of Canada's most sacred trusts—the health care system and the educational system."



Many university students are facing increased fees.

Stumbling over a code of behavior

It's a tricky balance for any university to juggle defending freedom of speech while ensuring those in positions of power do not abuse that freedom. At the University of Western Ontario in London, a special committee on the sociology department's staff spent eight months trying to hammer out what chairman Kevin McQuillan calls a "statement of principles for professional behavior." The committee began its work last January after several students and faculty members raised concerns about what McQuillan describes as "issues of sexism, and concern about interpersonal relations between faculty and students" in his department. But when the committee proposed a policy list saying that would "define and discuss" all discussion of "impugn or sexual objects or images"—and limit what department members could say about each other—several sessions collapsed, and asked the committee to try again. Now, says McQuillan, the department is preparing a revised set of guidelines, scheduled for release sometime this month. "The aim will be to help people monitor their own behavior," says McQuillan. "Doing that and preserving freedom of speech are not mutually exclusive things." Code words for a speech code?

A bumpy start for back to basics

For Ontario elementary school students, the 1997-1998 academic year was supposed to bring a return to basics. Under a new curriculum unveiled in June by provincial Education Minister John Snobelen, children in Grades 1 to 8 would be required to read, write, spell and perform more difficult math functions at an earlier age. For example, students would be expected to read independently by Grade 3 under the old curriculum and students should be held back if they underscored. But as students returned to the classroom, questions arose over implementation of the new curriculum. The ministry disclosed last week that only about 2,000 of the province's 80,565 elementary teachers had attended one-day, ministry-sponsored sessions held throughout the province in July to explain the changes. While some stayed away on the advice of the Ontario Teachers' Federation, which is fighting the government's initiatives, particularly legislation curtailing the right of teachers to teach, others blamed the poor turnout on restricted space, with spots available for less than 10 per cent of all teachers. But despite the bumpy start, the government is committed to change and more rigorous standards. "We have a new curriculum," said ministry spokeswoman Karen D'Albagnano, "and teachers will be implementing it."

Restless in Calgary

Calgary's 8,500 elementary and secondary school teachers have run out of patience, according to Kurt Maresh, president of the union that represents them. The teachers have been without a collective agreement since August, 1996, and have not had a pay raise since the Klein government imposed a province-wide per-class salary rollback in September, 1994, as part of its deficit-reduction program. Since then, the province has posted three straight budgetary surpluses. So, teachers started the school year by working to rule to keep their demands for a new contract that would, among other things, restore their salaries to pre-rollback levels. They refused to participate in parent-teacher interviews, except during the school day. Athletic activities, such as high-school football and cross-country running, were in jeopardy, along with club-and-social functions. If necessary, Maresh said, the teachers may strike. "The unrest could spread," he added, because only 16 per cent of Alberta's 26,000 teachers have collective agreements. "Education is in desperate straits in Alberta," said Maresh.

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Straight shooter

Rising star Mike Weir has his sights set high

Mike Wier may be the latest Great Canadian Slope in men's golf, but he is a bit invisible. At the PGA Tour's Greater Vancouver Open in late August, the 27-year-old from British Columbia, Ont., had no high hopes dashed on the stick, a niblicking greens at Northshore Gold Club in suburban Surrey. He was confident going in he had placed fifth at the event last year on the same course, and he had just finished second at the Canadian Professional Golf Association championship the previous week in Markham, Ont., to secure his position as the top qualifying amateur at the Canadian Tire, And More, a sweet-sounding long drive, hit the ball beneath a flag throughout the first two rounds of the GPO. But what should have been a showcase for a rising star was instead a losing battle with a billy putter. "I just had one of the worst putting weeks of my career," Wier said after returning to his home in Draper, Utah. "No matter what I tried, the ball would not go in the hole."

Such could, for present week-end dailies. The good news for Wier is that he will get another chance to test himself against the best this week in Montreal at the Bell Canadian Open, where organizers have assembled a glittering field that includes Masters winner Tiger Woods, British Open champion Justin Leonard, PGA title-holder Davis Love and two-time champion Greg Norman. For the players, the well-lined fairways of Royal Montreal Golf Club will be a pleasure change from Glen Abbey, the Royal Canadian Golf Association's home course in Oakville, Ont., which has hosted all four Opens since 1978. "I think it's great we're playing at Royal Montreal," says Wier, who

But some Canadians proclaim the Open not a open enough because so few of them can play the event. The Teanometrics the number of spectators, organizers can make



WILSON: "There are a lot of good Canadian players around the world"

With Barr sidelined following back surgery, Canada's hopes will ride on another Canadian resident, Dick Zelen, fresh off a strong performance at the GVO, and such stand-ins as Glen Haastak of Selkirk, Man., ranked fifth in the U.S. Mike West, and Rick Gibson of Calgary who competes in Japan. "There are a lot of great Canadian players around the world," West says. "They're just not playing the PGA Tour."

But the modest, well-spoken Wile is the only two-time one-hole winner with a legitimate shot. He is playing with great confidence, he says, because his success has stood up under the pressure of close competition all season. He leads the Canadian Tour with earnings of more than \$50,000—double that of runner-up Ray Freeman of Lexington, N.C.—despite playing only seven of 20 tournaments. Wile's stated goal is to be the best player in the country, and longtime observers think he stands a good chance of succeeding, as much for his mental toughness and competitive spirit as for his skill-making. "You could see that it hurt him very badly in the last set at the GTO," he says. "A lot of himself," says friend and broadcaster Larue Rabenstein, who has covered golf for 25 years. "There's something special about him, a little of the fire that George Knudson had." Wile appreciates the comparison—Knudson was the country's most decorated golfer. "I am working very hard in every aspect of my game," he says.

Worrell knows it has taken a career that can be more than twice as long. He failed in five weight classes—so-called qualifying schools—the gauntlet series of tournaments from which the PBA Tour annually selects 40 members from more than 11,000 entrants. Despite the setbacks, he is finding he will carry his baton, he said with a smile, "as far as Bruce, Bruce, Bruce." In Denver partly because Little City is a hub for Tech, the Asian-American partner from whom he left off the Q school again is, unless he wins the Canadian Open, probably destined to win a card. Worrell is not boasting in recalling West's words: "I am going to play among the best," he said in 1987, "and I will do it."

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INFORMATION

PAMELA WALLIN



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Publishing



A golden harvest

Booksellers are upbeat about the literary crop

BY D'ARCY JENISSI

When Jim Morris opened his Victoria bookseller in mid-1980s, new works by Canadian authors usually arrived in small batches, with little or no advance publicity. Morris recalls that he personally had to pitch them personally to customers. He would occasionally receive freshly published novels by Margaret Atwood or Robertson Davies at the front counter, and recommended them at every opportunity. These days, he notes, such measures are rarely necessary. Many English-Canadian writers have become household names across the country and literary stars abound. Their books write with considerable fanfare and great expectation. "Our literature seems to have really found itself," says the 65-year-old bookseller the former husband of short-fiction master Alice Munro. "When I started out, not many Canadian authors even got near the best-seller lists. Now, it's mostly Canadian books at the top of the lists."

This fall, among the heavy selling from the pages of publishers' catalogues, dozens of titles will be vying for the cherished status of bestseller. In the literary fiction field, the early favorites are new works by two native writers—Winnipeg's Carol Shields (Zappy) and Montreal's Maureen Walker (Memory's Voyage)—and eagerly anticipated works by younger but established novelists—Wendy Cope (based on Jane Urquhart's *The Underplot*) and Toronto-area Nina Black (Where She Has Gone). The suspense side is so

crowded that predicting winners is a risky business—although careers like Peter C. Newman and Pierre Berton, both of whom have new books this fall, seem to have perennial appeal.

Over the next 27 months, publishers will bombard the market with shiny new works on politics, business, history, culture, women's issues, hockey, war and other subjects. And, to sell a touch of frenzy to the season, one publisher has already released a book on the Blue-X boardwaggle—the biggest gold-and-studs wave ever. *The Big-X Frosty McCloud & Stevens*, by Douglas Coupland, Andrew Wilks and several Globe and Mail colleagues, was released last week, and two others are on their way. "Unless there are really startling revelations in the culture," predicts Jane Coxsey, owner of the Toronto shop Books For Business, "The first one is going to be the winner."

Gives the volume and variety of new titles, at least a few are bound to snicker and backslap shelves. But with the exception of a roll, policemen and booklovers are as an upbeat mood following two very difficult years. "Attitudes are changing," says Sharon Bonnerichuk, co-owner of Andrew's Books Ltd. in Edmonton. "We went through a big downsizing in a government and university town, but I think we're going to have a good fall." Books, however, are always a gamble, and in-store players dream of the big win that launched the full season of Toronto's Key Porter Publisher Anna Perley after an early release of *Five Green and the End of the Rainbow: Gauding New Adults in the Clothing Beer Market*, co-authored by the late Andrew Saults and Toronto journalist Patricia Best, after which guru Saitas died.

An industry in bloom

BY ANITA ELASH

As a Canadian book publisher, Jack Stoddart is not given to making upbeat predictions about the future of his industry. During his 30 years in the business, he has seen too many priorities or over-hyped trends that even the most bullish Stoddart is prone to "bite the dust." And he predicts his industry is on the cusp of unseasoned growth. Twenty per cent over the next two years, he says.

Don Solwicks, publisher of Double Day Canada and Seal Books, is willing to go even further. With the blessing of Don's teenage German parents, *Retirement At*, the Toronto executive has launched a new program designed to double his Canadian sales in the next five years. Even Karl Seeger, whose Vancouver company, Talon Books, was threatened with extinction after it lost 50 per cent of its government grant two years ago, is encouraged now. Tales has recovered so quickly, Seeger is plotting a modest expansion later this year.

The parsimony that characterized Canadian publishing houses even a year ago has been replaced by the fat by blushing optimists and abundant spending. Canadian authors are enjoying unprecedented esteem at home and abroad, and their publishers are banking on fast momentum to boost profits. Authors are up promoted budgets; low眉re and more, more aggressive marketing techniques have found their way into the bloodstream of publishing houses. Finally, it seems, it is a good time to be a Canadian book publisher. "Books, we feel in the industry, have become a much better property," says Stoddart. "People believe there will be a future."

The publishing industry has persevered through times when no one believed there was much of a future. Only a handful of companies consistently make a profit or even expect to. In fact, most independent Canadian houses pride themselves on their willingness to ignore economies in favor of war-by-project that might otherwise never see the light of

day. Most are baffled by ever-dwindling government grants, and a few make up for their losses by distributing imported titles. But Stoddart, who claims his own firm, Stoddart Publishing, has always earned less than five per cent before taxes, declares he has "never seen an independent Canadian trade publisher that set out to make money." If they did, they would only go with the sole title.

As a result, Canadian trade publishers—both the independents and the multinationals—claim an extraordinary number of books: about 9,000 titles a year, ranging from obscure poetry to sensational political exposes and critically acclaimed literary fiction. Just 30 per cent of those books turn a profit, says Stoddart. Even then, a couple of unanticipated flags can turn an otherwise healthy fiscal year into a disaster.

On the other hand, an unknown success can send profits soaring and finance a publishing program for years to come. *Brown, Blue & Grey* has done just that for its publisher Maclehan, Walker & Ross. A guide to the baby boomer economy by University of Toronto economist David K. Foot and journalist David Stoffman, it was expected to sell about 15,000 copies when it was published in May 1990. In mid-August, sales were at 212,000 copies and climbing, a record for a hard-cover edition in Canada. The windfall has made up for previous losses and allowed publisher M.W.B. to begin acquiring new manuscripts for the next three years. "When you have a year like this, it gives you a chance to invest in titles that seem promising or those that you could not afford to do otherwise," says publisher Jan Walker. "This gives us confidence that for the well-thought-out project there is an audience there."

Most Canadian books realize only a fraction of the sales enjoyed by those *Brown, Blue & Grey* and *Retirement At* economics of scale. A typical fiction title sells 2,500 copies. Non-fiction averages 3,500. By contrast, US publishers expect to sell at least 10,000 copies in either



WOMAN BOYED BY THE UNEXPECTED SUCCESS OF ONE OF LAST YEAR'S BOOKS

category. And because print run printing costs decrease as print runs increase, most Canadian titles begin to turn a profit—and earn industry best-seller status—only when sales reach 5,000. Even then, margins are slim. Depending as the volume purchased, 40 to 50 per cent of the cover price goes to the retailer. Another 18 to 20 per cent goes to the publisher, depending on sales and the author's status. Manufacturing and editorial costs eat up 20 per cent, while overhead accounts for another 15 per cent. In the end, a publisher can expect to earn \$1.50 on \$80 worth of books that goes out the door.

That is assuming 40 per cent of the copies produced are sold. Usually they are. But if they are not, bookstores can return them for a full refund. Last year, largely as a result of store returns when many *SmithBooks* and *Calico* ranged to become Chapters superstores, more than 30 per cent of books were returned. Combined with a 10-per-cent cut in federal publishing grants in 1985 and accompanying cuts in some provinces, the changing retail market pushed many publishers partially close to the edge. Small houses, which rely substantially on public funds to sustain their programs, have suffered most. Although only a handful have actually collapsed—the demise of Coach House Press last

Canadian publishers prepare to put an end to hard times

year is the best-known example—most have been forced into a new conservatism, especially when acquiring new titles. "The odds in grants have hurt us very badly," says Seeger of Talon Books. "Opportunities have been lost all the way from acquisition to sales."

But while cuts to grants may translate into fewer volumes, they have also led publishers to take some creative measures. Seeger was forced to lay off two of his four staff members and part his list by one-third, but he also set up a Web page for international orders and targeted sales efforts at readers most likely to welcome *Talon's* blend of poetry, social criticism and drama. *Talon* earned a \$40,000 profit last year. Toronto's ECW Press, which traditionally focused on scholarly works on Canadian literature, moved toward a more commercial list when library budgets began to dry up in the early 1980s. It now produces about one-third fewer titles, half of which are megatitlers such as hockey books and celebrity biographies. According to publisher Jack David, sales have increased 40 per cent in the past year.

For the industry as a whole, however, a sales increase remains elusive. Although Canadian titles are hot, domestic trade is said to have been between \$1.2 and \$1.4 billion a year since 1986. Analysts believe the bigger haul has been attracting newreaders, especially younger ones. "How do you compare with music record companies, which are huge?" says David Kent, publisher of Random House of Canada. "Then you have the cable TV industry, and the Internet, which makes the world available to your home." That did not exist 10 years ago.

In response, larger publishers are also shifting their focus to the business side. "Publishers are becoming much more intentional," says Don Heddy's *Solwicks*. "We are hoping we can bring more people into bookstores." For Don Bistec, greater attentionality has started to wear off. Canadian book programs, Cookbooks and gardening guides are out. Fiction, politics, sports, history, and Canadiana are in. "Rather than waiting for authors to come to the top, the editors at Doubleday are actively seeking out writers who can produce mass-market titles."

Once the titles are acquired, publishers are leaving nothing to chance. "The book business has tended to be, here in our list like it's newly released book, and wait for people to come in and shop the front list," says Eric Thompson, vice-president of sales and marketing for McClelland & Stewart. These days, book launches are carefully planned, often to coincide with current events, and promotional campaigns can include everything from traditional newspaper advertising to promotional sites as sending an author on tour via minicircle.

And for the first time, publishing houses are trying to position themselves in readers' hearts

by developing brand loyalty. To that end, M & S has launched new series aimed at young readers—*Terrie North Canaries*, produced with the Mac Donald's chain, and the *Snowball* series of *bedtime mystery novels* for nine-to-12-year-olds. "If we can hook young readers and get them reading McClelland & Stewart books, that books well for our future," says Thompson. For older readers, M & S has leased retail and a self-admitted promotional—the first edition of a \$13.95 book on M & S books while the second edition a free Canadian issue—CD purchases over \$40.

From old-generations' books, most publishers pair their optimism with a rapidly changing retail market. "For the last decade, it has not been very interesting on there," says Stoddart. Although the Chapters and Indigo suggestions we hated and feared by many smaller bookstores, they have added interest. With coffee shops, cosy chairs and tens of thousands of titles, new bookstores are a destination again. "Our store has more titles in it than anywhere but Toronto and Vancouver had in a whole city," Stoddart says. "Once people understand that they can go and find 4,000 titles on a subject in one store, they will take the time to do that."

And over consumers are in bookstores, they tend to buy books. The question is whether suppliers will continue to be magnets for book buyers, or who they are. As has been the case in the United States—they will lose their novelty. But for now, the unusually optimistic players in the Canadian publishing industry are betting that suppliers will continue to yield super-users. □



Bob Levin

When movies are like a toxic waste dump

Saw *Spain* the other day. Saw an entire airport obliterated before the opening credits. Saw a movie like a barbecue and consumed it flavorless, screening his wife's name, only to return as the hell-bent, amoral Spain with a very bad complexion. Saw a fat, fatigued clown transformed into an ill-tempered computer-monster before having his head lopped off and reset on the floor like the Wicked Witch of the West. "Tim gunns nail that dirbag," in the sort of things those characters say, and "You're a soulless corpse"—which is a fair description of the movie. And I saw all this in a theatre full of kids as young as five and six years old, who were no doubt relieved that, at least for a few minutes, they'd escaped a严parent. Spain has invaded the world from down

Or has he?

And here comes the truly *whacko* part. Start talking about kids and pop culture—movies, TV, music—and the next thing you know it's Dan Quayle or some slick-haired Bible Belter spouting hellfire-and-damnation. You want your judge or your sapphos and off comes the snarling fist, for, from saving civilization, Spain—or the human behind him, two fat Canadian boys by-the-by, have in their own modest way, contributed to its demise.

And then you think for someone tells you. Great, lighten up! It's just a stupid comic-book barrel-fuck, OK? Superwise, *Spiderman*—we used to read them by flashlight, remember? And video? How about *The Three Stooges*, even *The Road Runner*?—did they turn a whole generation into autistic violators and eye-pokers? Did you feel those jocks watching Jim Carrey squirm out of a hole should beat. We survived Jerry Lewis, didn't we?

And you...and yet. And yet I wonder, here at the close of another summer movie season, what we're doing to our kids.

I wonder about the endless bombardment of aliens, monsters, asphyxia, exploding, punch-ups, profanity and all-around rotten attitude that we allow—pay good money—to be rammed into our children's heads. Video violence, the experts will say, makes kids more aggressive, less empathetic, more frightened of the world. And the standards keep slipping—remember the debate, a mere three years back, about whether the father Joe's death would be too upsetting for pint-sized viewers? Is *The Last Rite*? How queer.

I wonder, too, about the movie industry's exploitation. Studio bigwigs told *The New York Times* recently that they're simply cashing up to what kids and their parents want, that with more sophisticated media on TV and the Internet—not to mention the reality of broken homes and domestic violence—children are growing up faster and

Aliens, monsters, mayhem, punch-ups, profanities and an all-around rotten attitude: so what's a parent to do?

families are demanding more adult entertainment. "Today's eight-year-olds are yesterday's 12-year-olds," said a man from Disney, which has won numerous awards for *Aladdin* and *The Lion King*, giving way to disappointments like *Rescuers Down Under* and *Hercules*.

Hey, you can't argue with the marketplace, right? The kids' wish, Hollywood's command. So blow away some bad guys, unleash the killer fishes, create up the special effects and the marketing machine if parents have questions—if they wish to recall the song of the TV trailer and the cereal-box bio—well, that's what the P's for in *Porky's* Garbage, the A in *Adult Accompaniment*. (Bitch, and that's what the age restriction is for—an caperific sales pitch, so, Joe Camel hasn't tried to turn *Ivana* into item smokers.)

And so kids please to see the latest *Lord of the Rings*, *Batman and Robin*,

Mars vs. Blood, *Spain*. And mostly we take them—eager to please, happy to have things to do together in busy, disengaged lives. And sometimes it's OK. *Mars* is bleak may not be the point, but it's the best of an otherwise bad lot, witty and nimble, with violence circumspect enough to keep it light. A certain eight-year-old gave it a thumbs-up, although in the midst of it one of his friends began leaning over to ask the time.

Which, it says here, is precisely the point. Others have *boldfaced* had different experiences, but mine tell me this: forget what the studio execs say. In fact, give what your own kids say afterward with a certain skepticism. But watch them in the theater, the times, beamed down during the *Rescuers* and *Blacks*, the strained, captured looks during some nice, corny movie like, say, *Aladdin* or *Air Bed*. Or *Tell Story* which got the big-budget hype but was wonderful anyway, not because of its cast computer animation but because—as David Macfarlane noted in *The Globe and Mail*, responding to the *Titanic* piece—it was a toy story appealing characters, intriguing wharhards, what a concept! (Has it ever occurred to the Disney folks that *Aladdin* is actually a better movie than *Phantom Menace*? Even grown-up flicks can work—I've rarely seen more rag-bags, or answered more urgent and pertinent questions, than during *Apocalypse II*.)

So what's a parent to do? The obvious: take care, check out what kids see, sit to them after. None of which is easy, of course. Adults have enough trouble finding a half decent movie to see themselves—whatdya know, honey, *Shallow with a gun* or *Deep with a butt* or? And, sometimes, say no. No to the vife and valentine, to the exploitation—no for the same reason you wouldn't take your family for a coast-to-coast through a toxic waste dump. It's not healthy.

Terrified wimp sentiments, I'm afraid, the sort Spain and co. tk would gleefully ridicule. "Are you done with this Hallmark malarkey?" the down-ask at the slightest hint of actual human feeling. "Because I can't take any more of this sentimental crap."

Loose. Please, less Spain, more sentimental crap.

Allow *Fatherly* to be an assignment.
Bob Levin is Executive Editor of *Maclean's*.

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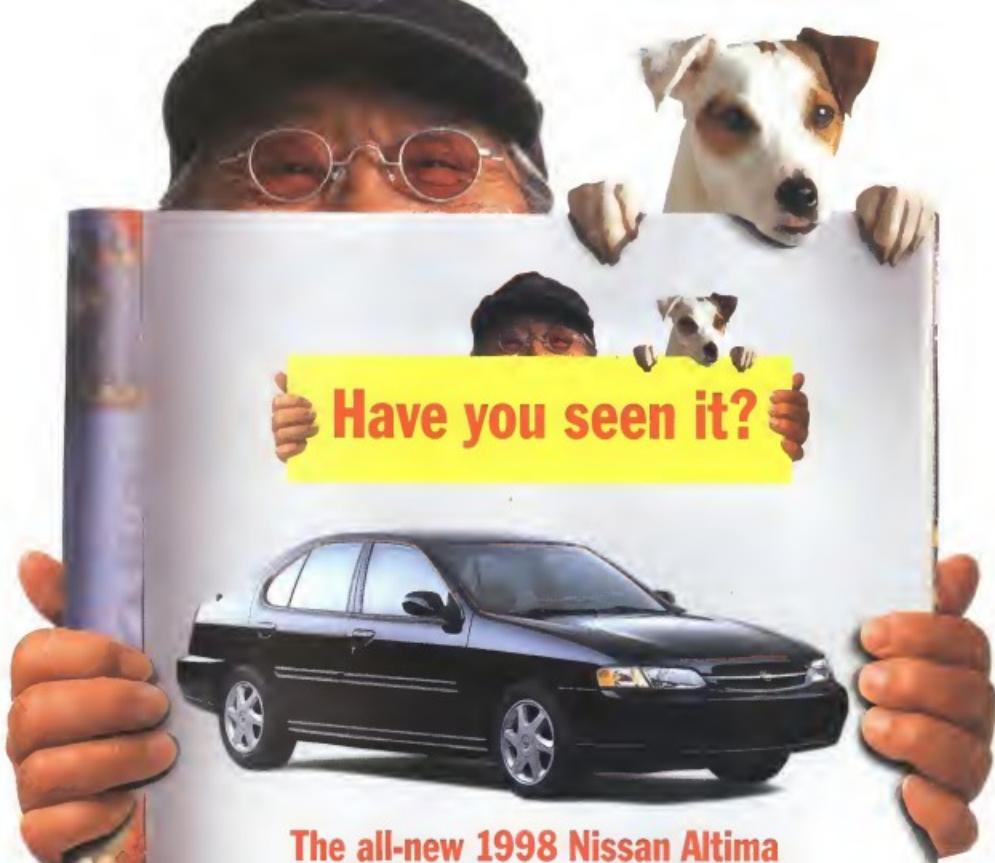
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